

# FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

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No. 745—Vol. XXIX.]

NEW YORK, JANUARY 8, 1870.

[PRICE, 10 CENTS, WITH SUPPLEMENT. \$4 00 YEARLY. 12 WEEKS, \$1 00.]

## REMOVAL OF THE NATIONAL CAPITAL.

THEORIZE about it as we may, whether the matter be right or wrong, the fact cannot be disputed that there is a growing desire through a large portion of the Union for a removal of the National Capital. The march of empire Westward seemingly justifies many in believing that the seat of the General Government should be nearer the centre, and not almost on the outer line of the nation.

So evident is this tendency of the public mind, that some of our prominent men, who may be taken as indexes of the growing feeling, do not fear risking their popularity by advocating immediate provision for a change. Foremost among these is General Logan, who is lustily "sounding his slogan" for speedy action in this important matter. And was not his position strongly sustained by recent conventions in the Mississippi Valley? as it is

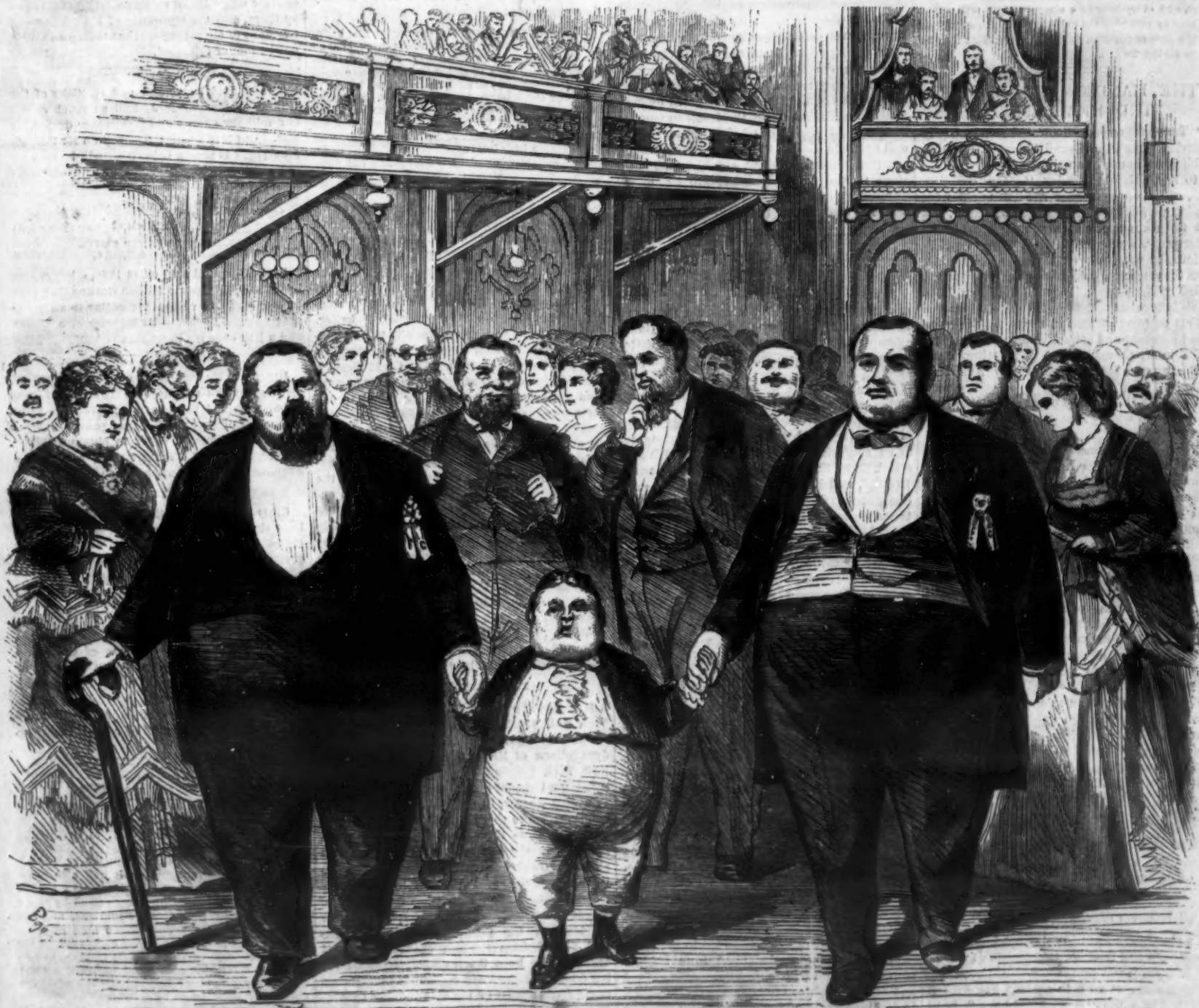
also by the tone of an influential portion of the public journals.

Reflection on the startling events of the last ten years is constantly strengthening the demand for a change in location of the capital. Though it is scarcely possible that any similar dangers will ever again beset the General Government in its headquarters, the recollections of recent national peril arouse many to urge openly what they long quietly favored; and it is argued that, all things considered, a more central location, or, at least, some other location, has become desirable. Indeed, the signs of the times look so strong in this way, that it is said, on apparently good authority, a recent decline of twenty per cent. is noted in the price of real estate in Washington. Though we think that other causes will partly account for the lessened demand and reduced valuation, it seems probable that the question of "Removal" has an essential connection with these effects.

Singularly enough, the "moving" tendency is actually strengthened by the course of some of the Washington people who are most opposed to any change of the capital. That course might be considered simply ridiculous if it looked less like insanity. The old saying about what the gods do when they mean to destroy men, flashes on our memory when we see the mad way in which some of the Washingtonians are again acting. The newspapers and the city councils are occupied in wrangling about the exclusion of colored children from schools, and further excitement is caused by the exclusion of colored physicians from medical societies, and even from "consultations" with white medical practitioners. It has been discovered, on close inspection, by a little kink in her hair, perhaps, that one of the schoolgirls (whiter, by-the-by, than some of her brunette fellow-students) has actually a slight dash of African blood in her veins—which is not very unnatural, as her father is a worthy

clergyman of the "colored persuasion," the well-known Rev. Sells Martin. This horrifying discovery was almost simultaneous with an attempt of a colored physician to induce a white doctor to "consult" with him about the dangerous illness of a patient. Although such consultations are common among white doctors, the audacity of a colored physician in asking one of them to "consult" with him about a dangerous case seemed to cap the climax of "negro audacity"—audacity that was increased rather than lessened by the fact that the aforesaid colored doctor had served creditably as a loyal army surgeon during the war—which latter fact was probably as unpardonable as his color, in the view of some of the pale-faced M. D.'s.

Seriously, though, if any considerable portion of the Washington people countenance this hullabaloo against a worthy schoolgirl and a gallant sable doctor, or further allow their negrophobic rage to interfere with edu-



NEW YORK CITY.—FAT MEN'S BALL.—INTRODUCTION, BY MESSRS. FISK AND STOUT, OF MASTER THOMAS F. CONWAY, AGED SEVEN YEARS, AND WEIGHING EIGHTY-ONE POUNDS, TO THE GUESTS.—See Page 279.



cational and medical rights in such shameful ways, they need not be surprised if a law for removing the National Capital from among them will be followed by a popular verdict of "Served 'em right!"

Senator Sumner has mentioned that persistency of the Washington Medical Society in excluding colored physicians from membership will quickly result in a revocation of its charter; while the exclusion of the above-mentioned colored pupil, and others like her, from the schools, will be followed by legislation that may hereafter secure Equal Rights in such cases, as far as Governmental power can secure them in institutions sustained by public bounty.

Comparatively small as the causes may seem, they are influential in promoting discussion about the very matter which the negrophobists least wish to be discussed, viz., the propriety of removing the National Capital from a city built up by Governmental patronage, but in which the Government finds now, as it did during the civil war, that a large portion of the citizens are hostile to the principles of Human Rights, on which our institutions are founded.

We do not mean to be understood as embarking in the controversy about the proposed change of location. Our object is simply to suggest the repression of that insane spirit among hot-headed Washingtonians which is now furnishing additional arguments to those who urge the removal of the National Capital for territorial reasons.

FRANK LESLIE'S  
ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.  
337 Pearl Street, New York.  
FRANK LESLIE, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

NEW YORK, JANUARY 8, 1870.

NOTICE.—We have no traveling agents. All persons representing themselves as such are impostors.

COMMITTEES of fairs, exhibitions, dedications, and everything of a similar nature, will confer a favor by notifying the publisher of this Paper at as early a date as possible, so that arrangements may be made for illustration.

#### "THE HANDSOMEST ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER."

"The handsomest Illustrated Newspaper in America" has been issued by an enterprising publishing house in a neighboring city. That is to say, a late somewhat "seedy" publication, made up entirely of articles taken from foreign periodicals, has changed its shape, but not its character, and now supplements its letter-press, wholly taken from foreign publications, by venerable engravings wholly taken from the same sources. This publication is not called "The Corsair," nor "The Pirate," but by an innocuous name.

This copying of foreign engravings is to be "an important and attractive new feature."

We infer, therefore, that it is "important and attractive" to ignore wholly American authors.

Also, that it is "important and attractive" to disregard wholly American artists and engravers.

We accept the issue. We think we can give the name of "The handsomest Illustrated Newspaper in America," and any curious inquirer may find it by looking at the top of the first page of this publication. And we can promise the public that it contains, and will continue to contain, not only all that is "important and attractive" in foreign publications in the way of illustration, but also all that is "important and attractive," or can be made so, in the way of illustrations by American designers and artists, of American subjects.

To use an expression familiar, we believe, in certain financial circles, we "see the foreign illustrations, and go the American ones better!"

Seriously, the presumption of calling a stale *refraichissement* of foreign publications and engravings, clumsy in shape and beneath contempt typographically, "the handsomest Illustrated Newspaper in America," outrages the latitude of advertisement, and reflects discreditably on publishers of respectable antecedents! An "Illustrated Newspaper" is a faithful pictorial representation of the times and of current events, not an album of old wood-cuts, awkwardly arranged, and stories read long ago, and half forgotten.

#### APPLIERS OF THE TELEGRAPH.

The use of the Electric Telegraph has become so common and familiar, that people who were adults when it was first introduced, have come to look upon it as a thing that has existed always, while the "rising generation" never reflect that it had an origin, but, like the commonest thing around, it "always was." Yet the very men who made its first application, and those who devised the means of its extension and widest utility, making it a link be-

tween all parts of the country, still live among us—not unhonored by those who knew what were their struggles and efforts, but unknown or unrecognized by the great swirling mass of humanity, to whom the Telegraph has become almost as indispensable as daily bread.

An interesting incident at the Geographical Society, the other evening, gives rise to these reflections. It was the presentation to the Society, for preservation among its archives, of the original map of the United States, used by Mr. Henry O'Reilly, in designing and organizing the first telegraphic network in the country, so that with least cost the demonstrated results of Morse's application of a great discovery could be made most available and useful—by which the seaboard and the interior could be most advantageously brought together by the nervous wire. To Mr. O'Reilly is due the credit of conceiving and organizing the "Pioneer Lightning Line" between the Atlantic and St. Louis, the earliest great range of Telegraph in the world. Over this line was transmitted the first Presidential Message (Polk's long one of 1847) which was published simultaneously among the people of the Atlantic Coast and of the Mississippi Valley.

At that time there were no locomotives west of Chambersburg, in Pennsylvania—not a rail on the great route between the Alleghenies and the Pacific Ocean. Between the then railroad terminus and the Mississippi, the common roads, in winter and spring, were in such wretched condition, that the mails, always irregular, were frequently fourteen or fifteen days in transmission—a state of things which rendered telegraphic intercourse valuable to an extent that cannot be realized in these days, when steam and lightning are so wonderfully diffused that our newspapers supply intelligence only a few hours old from nearly all parts of the civilized world.

Mark the contrast! When the first telegrams were exchanged between the Mississippi and the Atlantic, the newspapers of the Atlantic cities were often not less than fourteen or fifteen days old before reaching the now great city of the Mississippi Valley—having required one-half more time for their journey than was even then required for steam-voyages to Europe, and double the time required now for transmitting railroad mails across the continent—between the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans—facts that may not be deemed uninteresting as illustrations of the revolution effected by locomotive and lightning in the intercommunication among mankind of all civilized nations, as well as in the United States of America; facts, too, that show how great a debt we owe, not alone to the discoverers, but utilizers of the Telegraph, among whom Mr. O'Reilly deserves to rank among the highest.

#### DEATH OF A FEMALE EXPLORER.

AFRICA is the graveyard of adventurous explorers. It would fill a column to record the names of those who have fallen in vain attempts to penetrate that enigmatical quarter of the globe. But no sooner does one fall than another, and yet another, volunteers to fill his place, and push on investigation. The latest victim is a woman, Mlle. Tinné, who had made no unimportant contributions to our knowledge of African geography. She was the daughter of an English merchant and of a Dutch lady attached to the court of the present Queen of Holland, and heiress to considerable property. She grew up to be a beautiful woman, but her tastes were not those of ordinary people. She delighted in riding and hunting, and constantly desired to make long journeys. Her first important expedition was made to the Arctic Seas; and when she was only in her eighteenth year, she traversed Asia Minor, Syria, and Egypt. While in the latter country, she seems to have been seized with the desire of engaging in Nile discovery, and, with a view to carrying out her project successfully, she adopted, as far as possible, the dress and habits of the Egyptians. Mlle. Tinné's mother, and her aunt, Mlle. van Capellan, accompanied her in her expedition up the Bahr el Ghazal, one of the Nile tributaries; but the mother died on the voyage, and Mlle. van Capellan, who had been left at Khartoum to await the return of the party, died shortly after. Moreover, the European servants and their physician succumbed to the effects of the climate and the fatigues of the journey, and, greatly depressed, Mlle. Tinné returned to Cairo. After visiting the various coasts of the Mediterranean, especially those of Northern Africa, she determined to make a journey across the Desert from Tripoli to Timbuctoo. In the wild regions of the Sahara, a quarrel between her Dutch servants and some of her camel-drivers led to her interference; and she was stabbed from behind, pierced through with a javelin. Mlle. Tinné had at least eighteen negro servants belonging to different tribes of the interior, who followed her in her various wanderings, and whom she had rescued from slavery. She was very compassionate, caring for all her dependents, brute as well as human.

Mlle. Tinné's expedition to the Bahr el Gha-

zal enabled geographers to become acquainted with the watershed which bounds the Western Upper Nile, and pointed out indications of a great inland lake, about the third degree of north latitude. We learn that "the great marshy tracts of the Upper Nile regions recalled to her the memories of her Dutch home. Again endless green flats rose before her eye; but she often felt that she had had more than enough of green, and turned with longing to the yellow, parched-up deserts of the Sahara," where she met her death.

Such a woman ought not to pass away without some notice. She was devoted to science, did good work in her time, and deserves to be remembered as having undertaken expeditions from which most women would have shrunk, and for which, notwithstanding all that can be said, they are eminently unfitted.

#### THE FUTURE OF EGYPT.

THE Pasha, Viceroy, or, as it is now the fashion to call him, the Khedive of Egypt, has gone ahead too fast for the Sublime Porte, and the Sultan has grown jealous, if not afraid, of his powerful vassal, to whose prestige the Suez Canal, to say nothing of his general enterprise, has added so much. The Porte has made somewhat arrogant demands on the Khedive, to which it may well be supposed the latter is reluctant to submit. Indeed, the chances of open rupture are so great that the European Powers interested in the East are seriously alarmed, and are using all their persuasion and influence to prevent a collision. That the Viceroy looks forward to absolute independence, and aims to aggrandize Egypt into something like its ancient glory, is abundantly evident. Among the most significant of his movements is that of sending the adventurous Englishman and traveler, Sir Samuel Baker, into the regions of the Upper Nile, with absolute authority, and four thousand men, supported by sixty-five steamers and sailing vessels. If there had been any doubt of what all this means it has been dispelled by Sir Samuel Baker himself, who tells us frankly the objects are:

1. To annex to Egypt the Equatorial Nile basin.
2. To establish a powerful government throughout all the tribes now warring with each other.
3. To introduce the cultivation of cotton on an extensive scale, so that the natives will have a valuable production to exchange for Manchester goods, etc.
4. To open to navigation the two great lakes of the Nile.
5. To establish a chain of trading stations throughout the countries to be annexed, so as to communicate with the northern base from the most distant point south, on the system adopted by the Hudson's Bay Company.

THE book that is now attracting much attention at home, and more abroad, is Mr. Francis Parkman's, entitled "The Discovery of the Great West." It is a fitting supplement to "The Pioneers of the New World," "The Jesuits in North America," and "The History of the Conspiracy of Pontiac," by the same indefatigable student and accomplished writer. This last work will add materially to a reputation no longer purely American, and bring to a new generation of men in "The Great West" a knowledge of the history of a country or a region they are already becoming proud to call their own. Of it the London *Saturday Review* speaks in terms of unqualified praise, closing an elaborate notice as follows: "Mr. Parkman tells the story with great spirit, and in an excellent style; his own experience amongst the savage descendants of La Salle's Indians enables him to add many characteristic sketches of scenery and manners; and we may safely say that the book is worthy of his previous claims to a very high place amongst writers on American history. We shall look forward with much interest to the next volume which he promises, devoted to the later attempts of the French to establish a permanent power on the Continent, and to the career of Frontenac, the able and energetic Governor of Canada at a critical period of its history."

MR. SEWARD is in Mexico, where he has been well received. He carries with him a scribe who does some fair but generally flat descriptions of Mr. Seward's progress, for the New York *Tribune*. He excels himself in describing a banquet given to the Ex-Secretary by President Juarez, in the "Halls of the Montezumas." There was naturally much speechifying, as became the occasion, considering the presence of the author of a cart-load of "Diplomatic Correspondence." We are told the "great speech" of the occasion was one by Señor Altamirano, an Indian of Gurrero, of which the scribe aforesaid writes, "I can give no idea of the torrent of fiery eloquence that flowed from the lips of the aboriginal orator." We hope it does not, if the following doubly-confused and confounded metaphors really formed part of the able Indian's speech, or were wild fancies of his enthusiastic translator. Señor Altamirano is reported to have said, that Mr. Seward and his friends, not satisfied with simple opposition to slavery, "set their shoulders to the gigantic task of washing away the dark cloud that obscured the Stars

and Stripes of their noble flag," etc. A performance probably never undertaken by should-be. We know of nothing grander than this, except that startling passage ending in, "Mr. Speaker, I smell a rat!"

It is announced, in the Washington correspondence of the newspapers, that there is a movement among members of Congress and others to raise an equestrian monument to General Grant, to be placed in the public grounds, on the terrace in front of the Treasury Building, and that Secretary Boutwell has given assent to the proposition. If anything can be said against this scheme, beyond its exceeding bad taste, it is contained in the further proposition to obtain from Congress a grant of a sufficient number of cannon captured by General Grant, to compose the work! Guns captured from countrymen, and yet encrusted with their blood! Is this the road to that forgetfulness of their past errors so necessary to perfect conciliation and reunion? There was a time when great men could afford to leave to posterity the task of raising monuments to their virtues or in commemoration of their deeds. No one more than General Grant requires to be "saved from his friends." His public career is not yet ended, and it is possible that the sycophants and flatterers who are now most clamorous in doing him honor may be among the first to denounce and defame him. Time is not so short that we need to anticipate its verdict on our deeds.

THE President of the British Statistical Society has made a move in the right direction. He proposes that at the next meeting of the International Statistical Congress the use of the English language, as well as of the French and German, shall be demanded. It seems strange that the language of the chief and most numerous statistical countries should be excluded. England, the United States, the British Colonies and India furnish a copious supply of statistics. In diplomacy, the English and American ministers have succeeded in obtaining the recognition of their language for communications addressed by them, and the ignorance of Frenchmen and Germans of other tongues than their own should not be longer tolerated.

THE financial strength and elasticity of the United States puzzle J. Bull as much as did our military energy and persistence during the war. Our trade with Great Britain for the past four years is shown below. It will be seen we are getting a very good balance in our favor from J. B.

IMPORTS FROM UNITED STATES.			
1865.	1866.	1867.	1868.
\$21,624,210	\$46,354,503	\$41,046,034	\$43,962,371
EXPORTS TO UNITED STATES.			
\$23,170,767	\$31,843,536	\$24,119,630	\$23,801,581

For wheat, Bull paid us, in 1868, a larger sum by considerably over a million sterling than ever before, while in cotton his outlay to us in the year was \$27,018,769—an increase of a million and a half over his purchases in 1867.

LADIES are about to be admitted to medical lectures at the Carolinska Institute, in Stockholm, provided they have acquired the same amount of preparatory knowledge as is required of male students, in order to obtain a university certificate of having passed a successful examination in medico-philosophy.

GRISI has left directions in her will that her body shall rest in the vault in which her two eldest girls are laid, at Père la Chaise. So the great singer will in death be near the great composer, Rossini, with whom in life she was so often associated, and whom she has followed at so short an interval to the tomb.

A New York correspondent of a London paper describes the "Vanderbilt bronze" as "a monstrous allegory in bronze surmounting the pediment of the vast, ugly railway station of the Hudson River Railroad Company, and defying description for its unapproachable hideousness."

#### HOME AMUSEMENTS—CARD-PLAYING.

BY A. E. GARDNER, M.D.

PURITANISM had many excellences, which have been fully recognized; it had also some defects, which are only beginning to be acknowledged, if long since recognized by those not blinded by prejudices. Cromwell, and his adherents and successors, were men of little culture—rude, bigoted. They embraced an essential principle of the Catholic Church, one of its most erroneous ones, and which has done more than any other to put back the advancement of civilization and intelligence—to narrow the mind and belittle the hearts of mankind. This principle was, that this world is a vale of tears—the abode of a race of sinners, whose whole duty was to deplore the fact of their existence; to shut their eyes to the beauties, charms, and joys of this world; to eat and drink with sour countenances; and, in fine, to



refuse to acknowledge, in any practical way, the goodness and love of God. True, the Puritan did not carry his faith quite so far into practice as did his teacher, the Church. They were a foe to laziness and sloth, and they encouraged no cloisters and nunneries, with their attendant horde of lazy, dirty, gluttonous inmates. Labor they esteemed better than beggary and psalm-singing and fighting; prayers and hard work were considered better mixtures for their spiritual health than orisons and wine-bibbing, genuflections and sloth.

Monkish asceticism and Puritanic austerities have had their day. Ere long, the last monastery and convent will cease to exist; and shortly after, we shall also see disappear the last trace of that long-descended Puritan and Anti-Puritan idea, that we are born into this world to feed on the bitters and the thorns, to see only the clouds, and to delight only in the dust and storms. Instead of these doctrines, repugnant alike to our inmost natures and any reasonable or revealed idea of the Great Creator, we shall acknowledge that this world is beautiful exceedingly—full of materials of happiness, which it is alike our duty as our delight to embrace. We may well go back to our schoolboy-days and our old copybooks, and write out again, in a full, round hand, the real doctrine of life—our real duty respecting this world and all that is in it—“USE, BUT NOT ABUSE.”

It is obligatory upon man to use the world and everything in it. Sin consists in excess. He does not act correctly from any high principle, or in conformity with the laws of health, who lays down a prohibitory law against the use of stimulants, while he gives unlimited license to his appetite for eating. Indeed, on the score of health alone, there is no question but excess in eating, throughout the world, produces more illness than excess in drinking, even if the occasional effects of the latter are apparently more surely traceable and more demonstrative than the results of the former. As a logical sequence of the views formerly held, the Catholic devotee withdrew from the world, and endeavored, by self-imposed tortures, to make himself think this world was a world of misery, and to look forward with hope to a deliverance from it by death; and the Protestant sedulously avoided every action or employment the result of which was pleasurable. He had few feast days, but many fasts, few pleasures, and many privations.

The Puritan irruption brought employment for the minds of the men. Each had a share in the State; each had a duty in the Church. The caucus and the convective occupied all their leisure, and the jollities of the cavalier were displaced by the triste observances of ghostly ordinances.

Sad days were these for the youth. Laughter was an abhorrence, and sport and games were almost penal offenses. Those engaged in hard labor during the day, found, indeed, all the forgetful pleasure they desired; but for those of a higher class, the time must have passed tediously. The necessity of amusement, the absolute demand of relaxation, never entered into the minds of our grim progenitors. To-day, however, such teaching is unnecessary. The changed habits of life require changed occupations and amusements corresponding thereto. More particularly do we need agreeable occupation for the long winter evenings. “Up with the lark, and with the lark to bed,” is obsolete. Gas and comfortable homes render the evening the most agreeable portion of the day, and the habits of society are conformable. Whether the memory of this transatlantic bird has anything to do with it or not, may be a question, but some of our youth are very fond of employing these hours to “go on a lark,” and this is what we deprecate, and desire to obviate.

To make home attractive, to keep the young not under jurisdiction so much as under agreeable, unperceived observation, is the great duty of parents. Pleasant evening amusements is the great desideratum. The piano does a world of good for the morals of the community, around which all ages can gather. Cards are another source of unfailing amusement. It is hard to say why there is such opposition to this eminently social, domestic amusement; one in which the most pious and worthy Christians, clergy and laity, bishops and priests of all grades, in the Roman Catholic and Episcopal, and various other denominations, unite. Is it because there are gamblers? Gambling with cards is not worse than gambling with gold or Erie or flour. Allowing, then, if you please, that each and all are wrong theoretically, there is no greater truth than that all diseases are diminished in virulence by being introduced into the system prepared for the purpose. Thus, inoculation of smallpox diminished by half its virulence, and was universally adopted till vaccination, or the substitution of another less dangerous disease, was discovered. Now, when a less objectionable and equally engrossing amusement is instituted for cards, then we will readily agree to be vaccinated. Till then, we think youth should be inoculated with Hoyle.

Cards are certainly, to nearly all, the most engrossing of amusements. If the youth is encouraged in card-playing in his younger days, not only he is kept at home, happily and satisfactorily employing his hours of relaxation in the family circle, but he is fitted for his after experience in the social circles of the world. You may recognize, in the gambling establishments of our great cities, the neophyte from the young man who from youth has found cards a frequent pastime in his own home. While the latter enters mildly, if at all, into the excitements of faro, rouge et noir, at Chamberlain's or Baden-Baden, the latter, not being acclimated in his youth, rushes impetuously, luckily if not ruinously, into the fascinations of the sport. Nine times out of ten, the ruined at these famed gaming-tables, are those who too late were initiated into the excitements of cards. Had he played *vingt et un* for sugar-plums, as a child, and cribbage for penny points with his father or mother, he would have harmlessly passed

through this form of intellectual measles, which is always lightest when taken and borne with in youth.

What is more conducive to real family happiness and morals than the family whist-table? Here the gray-haired grandfather and the youngest—three generations—may meet in amusement, as they can nowhere else. And here is a reason for learning games at cards, not often, perhaps, adduced, yet, I think, a good one. There is nothing that the old man desires so much as some method of agreeably passing his evenings. Generally his advanced age and feeble health forbids his seeking occupation abroad. The state of his eyes very frequently forbids reading by gaslight. The faculty of playing cards is one of the special boons of Providence for the old. I have personally noted so many instances of the happiness thus derived from the interesting occupation, that I deem it worthy of consideration, and think it eminently desirable for the young to learn at least some of the leading games, as a resource against the ennui of declining years—one that remains with impaired vision, utter deafness, semi-paralysis, gout, and, indeed, many of those afflictions which compel one to the prison of a house or a chamber. Darby and Joan delight themselves thus, forgetting their rheumatic incapacities and other infirmities.

Cards assuage the monotony of a sick-room, the fatigue of travel by sea and land, the horrors of any Libby Prison, and, it is reported, of convent life. Invented at a very early period, they have soothed the passions and calmed the minds of the greatest men of earth, and soled the miseries of the poorest, and, perhaps, have been the least objectionable employment of the most vicious and depraved. Never have they attained to such universal and beneficent usage as at present. They teach the government of the temper, the uncertainties of fortune, the instability of to-day, personal reticence, impatience and foresight and judgment, as well as the humbler lessons of arithmetic and calculation. A finished card-player is of necessity gentlemanly in deportment, considerate in his demeanor toward others, and under proper self-control. The benefits derivable are far beyond the evils deducible, a proper estimate of which will lead to an even greater extension of card-playing among us.

#### PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE EUROPEAN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

##### Egypt.—Railroad Station at Chalouf, and Canal of the Pharaohs.

This station is important as one of the points to which the workmen of the different nations were conveyed by railway during the construction of the canal—that of the water-course of the Pharaohs forming a direct conveyance to the main or maritime canal. It was for some time the headquarters of the “peoples”—the encampment of the laborers. Now that the great work of M. de Lesseps is “a fact accomplished,” Chalouf will not hold, even as a station of the railroad, that importance it once assumed, or was made to assume by traders in the manufactured wares of both Orient and Occident.

##### Egypt.—The Guests of the Khedive in the Steam-Yacht Fayoum, Sailing for the Canal.

On the 15th of November, several hundred of the European guests of the Viceroy of Egypt sailed out of the harbor of Alexandria, to be present at the inaugural ceremonies which were to be observed on the opening of the great maritime canal of Suez. The voyage to Port Said was exceedingly disagreeable, in consequence of the unusual roughness of the weather; but in other respects very pleasant, as, by the foresight of their princely host, every ordinary want was provided for. At Port Said the guests were entertained by a magnificent maritime sight. Ships-of-war of every European nation were seen at anchor in the harbor; and the presence of the Empress of France and the Emperor of Austria, who were, with Ismail Pasha, constantly moving about in the fleet, kept the great guns of the war-ships incessantly belching forth fire and thunder by way of royal salutes in their honor. The firing continued almost without cessation throughout the night of the 16th of November, and until three p.m. of the 16th, when the religious function was celebrated by Monsignor Bauer, chaplain of the French Imperial Court, who spoke as the representative of the Catholic Church, declaring, in conclusion, that the canal was a success—an accomplished fact.

##### Rome.—The Ecumenical Council—Vestibule of the Hall of Assembly, St. Peter's.

The hall or chamber prepared for the Ecumenical Council is in one of the lateral chapels, near the great altar of St. Peter. “Lying,” says a European writer, “as the council-room does, in that vast compartment on the right of the tomb of St. Peter, it is most fortunate that the view, on entering the church, is not in the slightest degree marred by the temporary building, so that the eye of the spectator traverses the entire length of the sublime temple without meeting the slightest obstacle. It is only on arriving,” he adds, “under the vast dome, that one is conscious how completely the architectural beauty of the church is destroyed by this temporary edifice.” Our illustration represents the great hall of St. Peter, near the entrance to the chamber of the Ecumenical Council.

##### Upper Egypt.—The Guests of the Viceroy at Denderah.

In the preceding issue of the ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER we gave in this department a spirited engraving representing the fellahs or peasants at work repairing the road to Upper Egypt as far as Denderah, an ancient village situated on the left bank of the Nile River, and chiefly remarkable for its grand temple of many columns, in which the Ptolemaic system of astronomy is fully set forth on its ceiling, in figures and colors as sharply defined and as brilliant as they were when, centuries ago, they came from the hands of Coptic masters in the arts. The engraving in this number represents the presence at the same village of the guests of Ismail Pasha, Viceroy of Egypt—many of them journalists and artists. These curious people of the pen and the pencil went everywhere. They had full range of the land of Isis and Osiris, and they made the most of their freedom. The days immediately preceding the grand event of the nineteenth century—the inauguration of the Suez Canal—were to them days of sight-seeing, journeyings, junketings,

much gesticulation, and “pendlings by the way.” Denderah, with its finely-preserved ruins, was a magnificent subject for them, and we may be sure they made the most of it.

##### Egypt.—Arrival of the Empress Eugenie at Cairo.

On the 12th of November the Empress of France, accompanied by her suite, entered the city of Cairo, where she was received with those liberal and royal honors which everywhere had been extended to her in the East. She put up temporarily at the Hotel Shephard, where she remained over night. On the following day, the 13th, she visited the French colony, to the members of which she was introduced by the Vice-Consul of France, in the absence of the Consul-General; and on the 14th she sailed in her yacht, the *Algie*, in company with that of the Emperor of Austria and the ship-of-war *Grief*, for Port Said.

##### England.—Presentation of Addresses to the King of the Belgians.

The King of the Belgians, at present on a visit to the Queen of England, has received many courtesies at the hands of the corporate authorities of the city of London, the volunteer militia, and societies of more or less influence in “the Kingdom of England.” On the 2d of December a procession was formed by the Corporation of London, including the Lord Mayor and Aldermen, the Sheriffs and Lord-Lieutenants of counties. These, with numerous addresses, proceeded to Marlborough House, where his majesty of Belgium was sojourning, and felicitated him on the material progress of his kingdom, and the cordial relations which at present exist between the country in which he was and the country of which he was. Our engraving represents the procession in its passage through Pall Mall on its way to the temporary residence of the-to-be recipient of their congratulations—Leopold II.

##### Upper Egypt.—Journey of the Guests of the Viceroy to Thebes.

The guests of the Khedive, in their progress through the upper districts of Egypt, found there were points, even in the valley of the Nile, that were not so “level” as they had imagined before they set out on their journey to Denderah and the Cataracts. The engraving in the “Pictorial Spirit” department of the ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER represents these guests—the majority of whom were attached to the Press of France and England—climbing rather rugged heights in their endeavor to get a nearer view of some ancient works, which, it is thought, were constructed in the earliest era of Egyptian civilization—works completed, perhaps, before the foundations of the earliest pyramid were laid. The difficult journey well repaid the explorers, who were not even afraid of going where the courageous Empress Eugenie had previously adventured—to the ruins of ancient Thebes.

#### BOOK NOTICES.

##### HISTORY OF THE KINGS AND QUEENS OF ENGLAND IN VERSE. Published by William T. Smithson, 14 Wall street, New York.

The attempt to bring the many historical facts comprised within, and suggested by the title, before the comprehension, and down to the interest of the general, and especially juvenile reader, required skillful treatment to escape being a failure by reason of over-elaboration, or ridicule by reason of strained simplicity. Both Scylla and Charybdis, however, have been steered clear of. The result is a really delightful volume for children, and even for older, if not wiser heads, at the universal price of a quarter of a dollar.

#### SCIENTIFIC NOTES AND GOSSIP.

MALE mud-turtles have their front feet nearly twice as long as the females.

THE successful introduction of the cinchona (quinine) tree from Peru into India has been followed by the Dutch, who have naturalized it in Java.

DR. CUNT BOUVIER affirms as the result of experiments on rabbits (apparently carefully conducted with due sense of sources of error), that alcohol lowers the temperature of the body—in small doses to a slight, in large doses to a very marked degree.

ATMOSPHERIC air (if that be not a redundancy of words), mixed with gas, reduces its illuminating power in an arithmetical ratio. With less than one-fourth of atmospheric air, not quite fifteen per cent. of the total illuminating power remains, and with between thirty and forty per cent., it totally disappears.

THE chief product of the Canary Islands now is cochineal, which has sprung up into extraordinary importance of late years. Cacti are grown wherever there is a piece of safe ground. On it the mother or *madres* of the insect are placed. The plants are soon covered with young insects.

ONE of the fallacies which modern science is exposing is this: That of the alcohol taken into the system, the greater part is excreted, or passed off through the various organs of the body. It is now shown that it is absolutely consumed in the system, and that only a fraction—half of one per cent., or thereabouts—is passed off, as before supposed.

A NEW Arctic theory has been started by Captain Silas Bent. During his survey and thermometric exploration of the great Japan current, Captain Bent conceived the idea that this hot-water stream, as large as the Gulf Stream, and, like it, traced far into the Arctic Ocean, combines with the great Atlantic current to make the only navigable gateways to the Pole.

MR. JOHN MCCARTHY, of this city, proposes that, being obliged to use horses to drag our present steam fire-engines to fires, we shall use them, when they get there, to drive the engines, precisely as horses drive thrashing and other machines. Economy and safety would result, for the endless apron horse-power machine never explodes.

A WRITER in the *American Naturalist* tells us that a new variety of buck, which he calls the “Spike Horn Buck,” has made its appearance in the Adirondacks. It differs in no way from the common buck, except that, instead of spreading antlers, it has two slender spikes, about half as long as the ordinary antler, projecting forward from the brow, and terminating in a very sharp point. Besides giving this variety of buck an advantage in running through thick woods and underbrush, it is a much more effective weapon than the common antler—so much so that the spike-horn is gaining on the other bucks, and may in time entirely supersede them in the Adirondacks. The writer thinks the first spike-horn was an accident, a freak of nature, but that his horns gave him an advantage over his fellows, and enabled him to propagate his peculiarity.

#### MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

NO STREET music is allowed in Paris.

BRIGNOLI is giving sacred concerts in San Francisco.

CAMILLA URSO gets \$1,000 for each of her California concerts.

LEWIS'S THEATRE, in Calcutta, is in its third season, and doing well.

THE new theatre in Atlanta, Ga., will be opened early in January.

THERE will be no more Saturday matinees at Booth's Theatre for the present.

MR. J. S. CLARKE is still playing, with ample success, at the London Strand.

THE death is announced of an old Parisian actor, M. Jemma, at an advanced age.

MORGAN SMITH, a colored tragedian, is playing to tremendous houses in Scotland.

MR. F. GYE has taken a lease of Her Majesty's Theatre, London, for twenty-one years.

“FORMOSA” has passed its one hundredth representation at Drury Lane Theatre, London.

HERMANN, the Magician, came to us again. He performed at the Academy of Music.

“SCHOOL,” at the Prince of Wales Theatre, London, has passed its 300th representation.

MISS KELLOGG was offered \$14,000 in gold to sing fourteen nights at the Viceroy of Egypt's Opera House.

THE holiday piece at the Circus is the fairy spectacle of “Cinderella,” by a troupe of sixty little children.

JOHN E. OWENS has theatrical matters all to himself in Vicksburg, where he has made quite a hit in “Self.”

MAGGIE MITCHELL has been Fanchoning in Chicago, and Emma Madden, doing the same thing in smoky Pittsburgh.

PAUL BEDFORD, the favorite of the London Adelphi, is dangerously ill, and few hopes are entertained of his recovery.

THE City Council of Omaha, by a nearly unanimous vote, has prohibited all future exhibitions of the leg drama in that city.

A CELEBRATED singer of seventy years ago, Madame Codocasa, the original Zerlina in “Don Giovanni,” died at Milan last month.

“L'ISTHME DE SUEZ,” a poem by M. Henri Bornier, was lately recited at the Theatre Francaise, in honor of the opening of the Suez Canal.

A NEW theatre, to be called the Belgravia, is in course of construction in Sloan Square, near the station of the Metropolitan Railway, London.

SIGNOR ANTONUCCI and Mrs. Jenny Van Zandt (Mlle. Vassini), are members of the present company at the Royal Italian Opera, London.

MRS. BOWERS was in New Orleans with “Queen Elizabeth” and “Mary Queen of Scots.” Mrs. Scott-Siddons is on her way to the same city.

THE San Francisco critics have more to say about Camilla Urso's silk dresses than of her performance upon the violin. Maybe they are all women.

At a recent meeting of the Chicago city government, Lydia Thompson received one vote for gauger, and Pauline Markham one for fish inspector.

BRIGNOLI has been giving concerts at the New California Theatre, and Mr. Joseph Proctor has been acting at Maguire's Opera House, San Francisco.

MR. JOE EMMETT, according to the Buffalo papers, has made a really remarkable hit, as Fritz, in Mr. Gayler's new drama of “Fritz; or, Our Cousin German.”

ROMEO LEFFINGWELL is personating The Gushing Clorinda and Jaffer Jenkins in Galveston. “Leff” gets down to the Rio Grande regularly once a year.

THE Moscow Opera this season has for prima donnas the Marchisio sisters, Ariot, Solowjef, Colbrant, Volpini and Minnie Hauck. Carrion is the leading tenor.

FIRE FLY Lotta has been personating The Little Detective in Cincinnati. Lotta gets through more of the States during the season than almost any other actress in the country.

THE old comedy of “Wild Oats,” was brought out at Wallack's Theatre, on the 20th, and few of the late revivals at this house, have been received with such marks of favor.

MR. FECHTER, who is to appear at Niblo's Theatre, New York, in January, has closed a brilliant engagement of twelve nights' duration, at the Princess Theatre, London, opening with “Hamlet.”

MARY MITCHELL—sister of Fanchon Maggie—has been endeavoring to induce the stoical Trojans to appreciate “Our Mutual Friend.” She is seconded in her efforts by Mr. J. W. Albough.

MR. BOOTH has relinquished the idea of alternating “Hamlet” and “Guy Rannering.” The latter was presented on the 27th. Mrs. Waller's Meg Merrilies enjoys a very high reputation as a work of art.

MR. MOLLENHAUER, leader of the orchestra, at Booth's Theatre, has written a symphony on Collier's “Ode to the Passions,” which will by-and-by be produced at that house—Mr. Booth reciting the poem, and Mr. Mollenhauer and the orchestra executing the music.

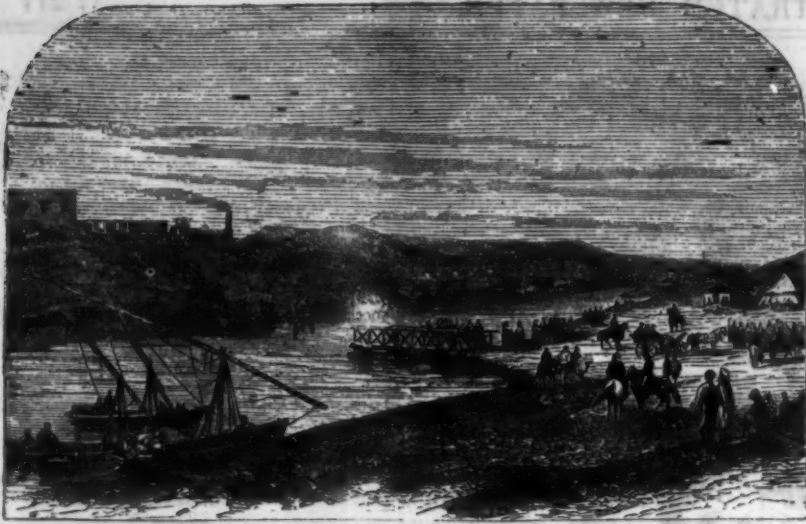
THE site where, previous to its burning down, Saville House stood, in Leicester Square, London, has been secured for a winter garden and theatre of huge proportions. The building will begin in January, and the theatre is expected to open in September.

A CURIOUS present has recently been sent to Mlle. Nilsson by Count Jean Georges de Dubinski. It is a beautiful manuscript, written in Gothic letters of silver by one of the old bishops of the Goths. It formerly belonged to Queen Christina of Sweden, and was presented to her by Count Conismark, after the taking of Prague.

MAY ACCOUNT FOR IT.—Humboldt had the peculiarity of using his knee for a writing-desk. This may in some degree account for his illegible style of writing. He doubtless fell into this habit while on his journeys in the wilds of South America, and he retained it to his latest days. From this peculiarity originates the *don* mot, that in the “Cosmos” the word “God” does not appear, although Humboldt wrote it from the beginning to the end upon his knees.



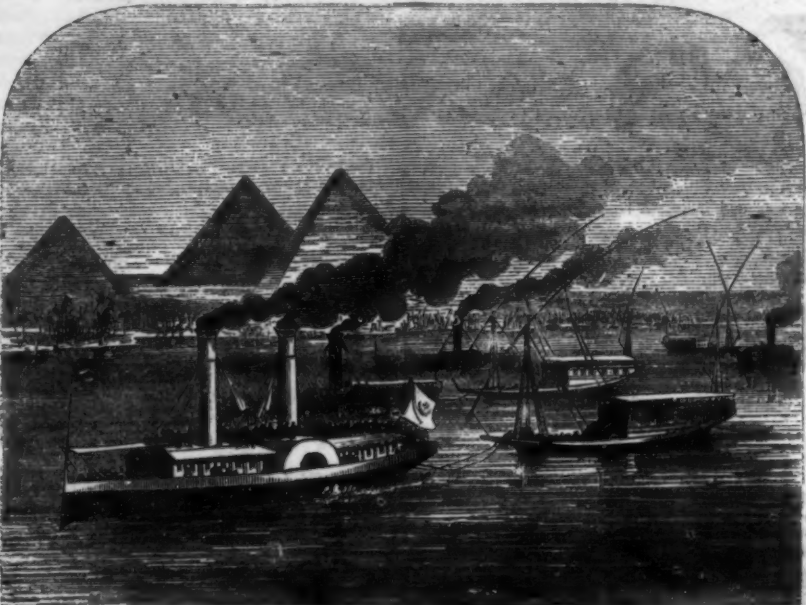
The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated European Press.—See Page 275.



EGYPT.—RAILROAD STATION AT CHALOUF, AND THE CANAL OF THE PHAROES.



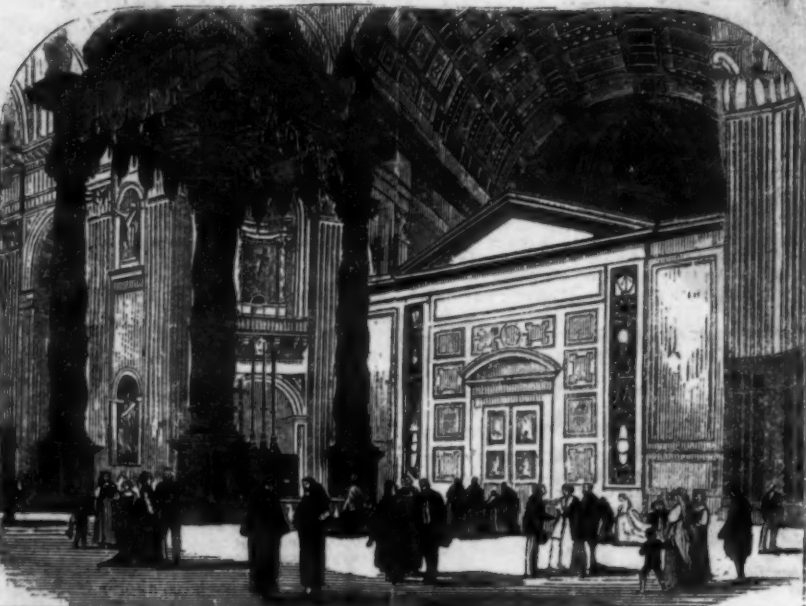
EGYPT.—THE ARRIVAL OF THE EMPRESS EUGÉNIE AT CAIRO.



EGYPT.—DEPARTURE OF THE GUESTS OF THE VICEROY, IN THE FATOUM, EN ROUTE FOR CANAL.



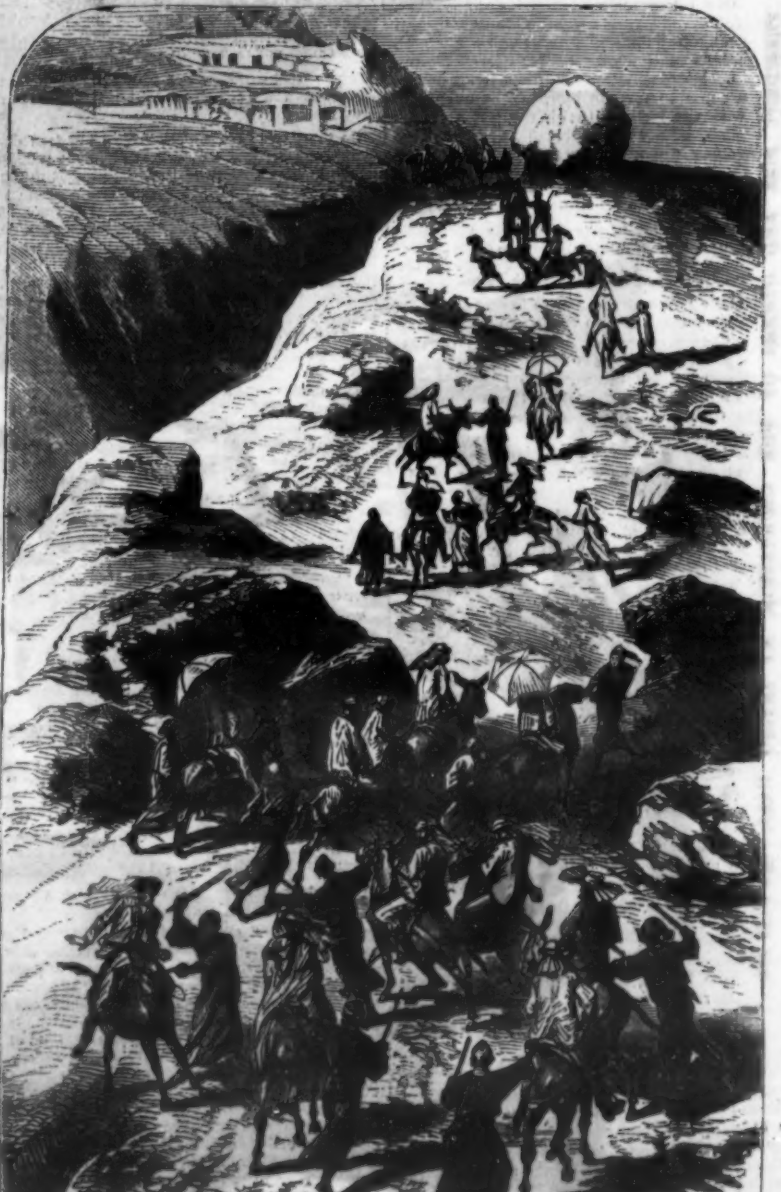
ENGLAND.—PRESENTATION OF ADDRESSES TO THE KING OF THE BELGIANS—THE CITY PROCESSION IN PALL MALL.



ROME.—VIEW OF THE ENTRANCE TO THE HALL OF THE MONUMENICAL COUNCIL, IN ST. PETER'S.



UPPER EGYPT.—ARRIVAL AT DENDERAH OF THE EUROPEAN GUESTS OF THE KHEDEVE.



EGYPT.—JOURNEY OF THE GUESTS OF THE VICEROY TO UPPER EGYPT—VISIT TO ANCIENT RUINS.



NEW YORK CITY.—THE FIFTEEN DANCE, THE LANCERS, AS DANCED BY PRESIDENT FISK AND OTHERS OF THE ASSOCIATION, AT IRVING HALL.—SEE PAGE 276.





## THE OLD STORY.

WHEN visions of her face come o'er me  
Of her sweet face so far away,  
I say what lovers said before me,  
What lovers will forever say:  
That flowers bloom sweeter for her being,  
That birds sing sweeter for her seeing,  
That grass is greener, skies more blue,  
That all things take a richer hue.  
Lovers have said these things before;  
Lovers will say them evermore.

O sweet young love, that in all ages  
Bears ever one eternal form!  
With lasting youth your oldest pages  
Glow ever, ever fresh and warm.  
O dear old story, ever young!  
Poets have painted, artists sung:  
Sure, naught in life is half so sweet;  
Death cannot make you incomplete.  
Lovers have said these things before;  
Lovers will say them evermore.

## MRS. DELAWARE.

By MRS. HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD.

(Continued from our last.)

AFTER every step that Mrs. Delaware took toward the accomplishment of her design, she waited again; she shrank from such responsibility, she hoped it might end without her; and always she took but one step at a time. In her illness she had received the occasional attendance of two consulting physicians from the distant metropolis, and the first result of her determination was to send for their respective bills. Always skillful with her pencil, a week's practice over these bills—and she had plenty of lonely time for practice—gave her a sketchy imitation of their handwriting, bearing sufficient resemblance to the original autographs. She went down then one day to the alcove of the town library devoted to public law, an unfrequented place, and, dismissing the attendant, hunted till she found the thing she wanted, and she committed to memory and to rapid notes the forms she found there and needed; she took down more volumes than one, and she replaced them so that it would have been difficult for any observer to say whether it were the statutes of descent and inheritance, or those upon divorce, which Mrs. Delaware consulted. But, being fortified, she waited again—since, after all, her son might tire of his fancy, and the thing she meditated be unrequited. He had appeared of late something like the son of former days, for whose happiness she would have given her heart's best blood, and now when—she could not say by what degrees—he had become affectionate, if not confidential, it gave her a great pain to think of the wound she was to give him. Nevertheless, she kept saying it was for his salvation, he could not tear himself loose, the tie must be cut by other hands, for as well might he bind a millstone about his neck, and be cast into the sea, as maintain relations with this woman—penniless, low-born, disreputable. One day this access of affection on his part explained itself—she saw that he had been making the way easy for himself, when he told that before a great while he should bring home a wife, and her name was Rosomond Merle. The blow struck her breath away a moment; then she recovered herself, and took up her part and her purpose. "She has no fortune, mother," he said; "but she is beautiful as a dream."

"You do not need to marry any other fortune than virtue," said his mother, in a cheerful tone. "And then I suppose I shall choose another home?"

"Not if you and Rose can love one another," he said.

If! His mother's tenure in his home dependent on the will of that creature!

"Very well," said Mrs. Delaware. "My dear boy, when you bring a wife home I shall welcome her—she will love me, for I shall be the same mother to her that I have been to you. You and your wife will be one flesh, and dear to me as my own."

He dared not go further, and ask his mother yet to see his choice, but he kissed her hands in a gush of gratitude. And she meant what she said; but meant also that his wife should never have borne the name of Rosomond Merle.

It happened to be that night that Mrs. Delaware, with a party of friends, attended the theatre. The first act of the play was nearly through, when a movement attracted all eyes from the players, and a party entered one of the boxes with much stir and rustle, and directly afterward the box framed such a picture as is rarely seen—a woman of almost perfect physical beauty, in full evening-dress, a cloak of swan's-down thrown back from her shoulders that revealed its whiteness, a scarlet flower in her hand, a peachy skin, features like an antique Venus Victrix, a fleece of golden hair, eyes as brilliant and as blue as larkspur soaked in the sun, a radiant smile on her lips, and on her forehead, her throat, her sculptured wrists, a blaze of diamonds. They were the Delaware diamonds, which it had been the custom in that family, for generations, to take from the bank, and have reset for the bride of the eldest son. They had been his mother's; if he chose to desecrate them it was his own affair; but, as Mrs. Delaware gazed all her blood ran cold—the thing was so beautiful and so bold; her son, bending over the chair there in the box, was so young, so blind; a whisper went round that it was Rose Merle, one or another were glancing sidelong at herself, and she felt that what she had intended must now be done with small delay.

That next day Mrs. Delaware put some slight disguise into a little satchel, and went in the cars on a shopping excursion to the metropolis, to buy a wedding-gift for her daughter, she said at breakfast. She rearranged herself in

the station, and returned in the last train at night, bringing a purchase with whose use she had acquainted herself by a day's practice in a private pistol-gallery, for Mrs. Delaware now meant serious business. After that she lost no time in altering, so that she could wear them, a suit of her son's clothes, and, having a stature corresponding to his own, this was not difficult, and her hair being yet in short curls where shorn in her recent illness, she flattered herself that, aided by a long cloak and a cap, and the bistre mustache remaining among the paraphernalia of some charades, that neither her best friends nor her worst enemies would recognize her. She examined then the boat always moored at the riverside in the garden; her summers had rendered her expert with oars; and clothed in her masculine gear, she made, one night, a trip down the stream some half-score miles away, and there effected an agreement with a person whom she found, who thought at first that what she wished would be impossible, and then that it might be done, and, after the earnest of such payment as made him open his eyes, that it should be done; and she bought his silence and his services for any night that she might want them, and reached home undetected, nerved against every danger, though terrified by every shadow. She copied then, in that sketchy way with which she imitated the script of the two physicians, the form she remembered by rote, and boldly traced the signatures over those of the receipted bills beneath. After that she rested again, and might even then have failed to carry her purpose into execution, had not young Mr. Delaware seen fit to precipitate matters by his imprudence, when, just before the presentation of a banner to a regiment fitted out at Mrs. Delaware's expense, her flag was put aside by her son, without the regiment's knowledge of its existence, and one offered by Rose Merle accepted in its stead. That was an insult not to be overlooked. Still, it might have passed; but there was a banquet at Rose Merle's that day, and when Mr. Delaware was wanted to present the flag, according to the arrangement, and give it a new glory with some illuminating phrase of eloquence, then, when every one was eloquent, he was nowhere to be found, and another order of things was to be improvised. Mrs. Delaware had a stain upon her cheeks like a stamp. And that day had been an anniversary of hers, of hers and his—her birthday, which he had always been wont to keep like a royal festival; she remembered, as she leaned alone from her window into the summer night, all the birthdays made dear by his childish caresses, and here was where they had led! Mrs. Delaware grew bitter and bitter as she thought of it, as she recalled his chivalric youth, so full of all promise, and this moral squalor of his maturity—she mourned her widowed motherhood, she had lost her child, great hot tears coursed after each other down her face and obscured the stony world, a hatred of the woman that had worked this spell scalded her very heart, she had lost her child, this woman had murdered him—and it was just as Mr. Delaware's key grated in the lock that she sprang upon her feet, determined to cast her die now or never. She lingered till her son slept, she entered his room, hanging over him and blessing him silently; and once his breath assuring her, it was the work of but few moments to induce the garments already prepared—the cap, the cloak, the mustache—and running down the garden to the riverside, so noiselessly that the very grass might not hear her, to muffle her oars in the rowlocks, and glide away in the darkness. A new courage had come and filled her, she had everything to hope; resolved not to fear; and as for the woman whom she went to seek, she believed that conscious sin must have made a coward of her long ago, that love of her luxurious delights must keep her so, while she herself was desperate, robbed of her child, the light of her home put out, without a glimmer in the world if she failed in her endeavor. And while her heart was yet burning with her wild and aching thoughts, the boat touched the willow-hung banks beneath the cottage, and Mrs. Delaware sprang upon the turf, and without wasting an instant, hastened up the sward, lightfooted, and was on the veranda of the cottage. She put her cap and mustache in her pocket, the woman should know whence her punishment came; she found a careless window open, as she had expected in this menage, and entered.

Mrs. Delaware listened—there was not a sound in the house; the servants in their gables had been long in slumber, it was likely; the silence resolved into a heavy breath from a passage, beyond which the others reposed—the aunt and her waiting-woman. Mrs. Delaware crept forward and closed that door, then moved on toward where a light burned dimly in the sleeping-room of Rose Merle—she knew her ground well—found a door ajar, and went in. She paused as she closed the door, for the place was a vision of such indulgence as she had never seen before—perhaps her son had begged permission of the aunt to provide it, till he could bring his treasure home; a small room, a mere cradle, but the ceiling frescoed like a shell, the walls hung with pink silk and a shimmer of snowy lace; in an arch lined with mirrors a bath, where a little fountain murmured all night long; an ivory arm protruding from the wall, with a globe of faint light that shed its lustre upon the bed and sleeper; the bed, an ivory shell, frothed over with linen and lace and great downy pillows, among which, her hair streaming like sunshine over one white shoulder, Rose Merle lay in her luxurious dreams. Mrs. Delaware unrolled a parcel she had brought, and turned up the light. The beautiful creature beneath her stirred then, and murmured indistinctly. If Mrs. Delaware had wavered, that word would have steered her, for it was her son's name. She gazed down at the evil thing, so dark within, so bright without, till suddenly the woman opened wide her frightened eyes like two blue blossoms, and grew white as she met those eyes above her. Her

lips parted for a cry—but in the same moment she saw what Mrs. Delaware held in her hand, and heard her voice, low as it was, yet distinct as the peal of the Judgment-angel's trumpet might be, commanding her to silence. "One sound," said Mrs. Delaware, "and you will never make another." And she lay there, looking up at the muzzle of a revolver. It had occurred to Mrs. Delaware that Rose Merle might have such an instrument within her own reach; she had come prepared for her fate in that case; but Rose Merle relied on stratagems, not weapons, and lay there faint with fear. "Spare, spare," she whispered, and the next instant her teeth chattered as she heard the cocking of the pistol. "Rise, and put on these clothes," said Mrs. Delaware, disdaining to touch her, and indicating the parcel she had brought. "Disobey me in one particular to-night, or utter a syllable, and I shall destroy you as if you were any other vermin!" And, shivering like the ague, Rose Merle gathered herself up, slipped off her laced and flower-embroidered robes, and put on the plain ones, an entire suit, that Mrs. Delaware had brought, with a slavish haste. "Now come with me," said the mother. "No!" recognizing the longing glance that was cast by the other, swift as lightning, even through her terror, "not a thing—not a jewel. You are going empty-handed, and there is not a mark on these garments to tell whence you came." And she motioned her out as she herself had entered, down to the river's brim, and into the boat, where she seated her, trembling with fresh terror, for the dark water intimated all the horrors of death to the wicked soul, understanding thoroughly that death was the penalty of her disobedience. Then Mrs. Delaware resumed her disguise, secured the weapon, took up the oars, and they glided away. A long, shuddering silence for one, only broken by the motion of the oars, the slipping of the water, the cry of the whippoorwills, the breath of the woman whose practiced oars were sending the boat along, and full of such horrible anticipations of the fate this outraged mother was about to deal out to her, that she was faint and sick. At length the oars were drawn in, and Mrs. Delaware bent across them. "I am not going to take your life unless you compel me to," said she. "We now meet another person; and if you indicate to him anything whatever, I shall not hesitate, I shall give you five barrels of this pistol, even though I have to keep the sixth one for myself! For you have rendered my life so worthless that I do not value it a hair—your who have made my boy a bad man, have ruined him here and hereafter. Heaven itself would pardon me for putting you out of the world, and would listen to me when I rose against you on the Judgment Day!"

"This is the Judgment Day," thought Rose Merle, as she stepped with Mrs. Delaware from the boat. They moved then up a lane, Mrs. Delaware holding her captive's arm, and toward a railway-station, for this was the place whither Mrs. Delaware had once made a similar excursion alone, and the person standing by the solitary engine whose headlight glared along the rails was the one with whom she had effected an arrangement for any night that week. Mrs. Delaware grasped her pistol more firmly, and suffered it to refresh her companion's memory; and presently the three were on the engine, and it was racing down the double-track over which all the night's freight trains had passed, and which the engineer had calculated to be clear for their distance. An hour's flight, like the wind's, no one speaking a word, one woman's heart beating like the beats of the engine, with vigor and will, the other's, shaking in her like a leaf in a tornado. A while longer, and they stopped. "Wait here," said Mrs. Delaware to the man, who thought perhaps that he assisted in the escapade of two lovers, and she herself helped Rose Merle to the ground, and led her up the hill a swift half-mile. "I cannot go any further," then cried Rose. "I am dying, I believe. You can kill me if—" The sight of the weapon and the touch of its cold steel upon her forehead gave her more strength, and she fled on as fast as the other would have her. They turned the corner of a brick wall, rung the bell of a door in it, entered, and crossed a terraced lawn and pulled a second bell at the door of a dwelling-house. Beyond the house, a long brick wing, pierced with numberless grated openings, told Rose Merle whither she had come.

"Here you will stay," said Mrs. Delaware. "If ever you cross my path again, that time I will have no mercy on you!" But before the idea had more than glanced like a red-hot iron across her brain, they were within, and the superintendent, roused from his bed by their summons, had entered and saluted them, and Rose Merle sank unconscious in a fainting fit upon the floor.

"I bring you an insane woman, doctor," said Mrs. Delaware, "in the night, to avoid publicity. She has committed one crime, and plans another. Her only chance for life lies in her confinement here." Mrs. Delaware felt that her last three statements were the truth. The superintendent bowed. "Here," said Mrs. Delaware, "are the certificates of her insanity," and she gave him the papers she had prepared. "She will tell you a strange story of herself, an incredible one of the way she was brought here, and give you a false name."

"Without doubt," said the superintendent. "Her disease," continued Mrs. Delaware, "is peculiar. At first one would not dream of it; but she must be watched and kept from self-destruction—of course I need not say from escape. I wish her to have gentle treatment, reformatory if may be. You will receive every year this amount for your care of her," and Mrs. Delaware placed bills in his hands that were a fortune in themselves to the superintendent. "Her insanity is incurable," said Mrs. Delaware then. "Do you comprehend me? Incurable?"

"Perfectly," said the superintendent, recov-

ering from the surprise at his sudden wealth. "Such cases are apt to be."

"It is possible she may be advertised," said Mrs. Delaware. "Take no notice of it. Should she be traced here, and money offered you, understand that that source of revenue may fall any day when the freak of the giver is over; but my money will last as long as she lives. One other thing," said Mrs. Delaware, in conclusion. "Strangers produce such effect upon her, that, in case of the arrival of guests or the visits of overseers, it is best she should be entirely unseen."

"As much so, trust me, as if she were in her grave," said the superintendent.

"In her grave," said Mrs. Delaware, bade him good-night, paused one instant for such a look upon the reviving woman as she would give a reptile, and hastened from the place, hastened down the hill to the waiting engine, and just before the dawn she moored her boat to the garden-bank, went up to her own room and prepared herself for the work of winning back her son, when he discovered that the aunt had made off with his diamonds, and the woman Rose Merle had fled, with another or into death, but certainly forever.

## COLONEL J—'S COURTSHIP.

COLONEL J— was an exceedingly handsome and accomplished man; but unhappily, as it will sometimes occur with exceedingly handsome and accomplished men, he was fearfully in debt—he had been extravagant, had gambled, and was utterly ruined.

He was a thoughtless, not a vicious man; had been an idol of society, admired, petted, courted everywhere; and now the time was come when all this must end—he should be arrested for debt, and the fair smiles of his fickle friends would turn to frowns. There was in this case, no probability of the difficulty being merely a case of temporary embarrassment; the cloud would not be a passing, but an overwhelming one. He knew it, felt it, dreaded it; but, true to his old instincts, must needs present himself, as he imagined, for the very last time, at the house of Madame —.

He looked very handsome that evening, and appeared even more brilliant than usual; but there were moments when a sickening sense of his situation came over him, vibrating through every pulse, and casting a deep shade of thought over his fine expressive countenance.

In all that gay assemblage, he well knew that there were but few on whose friendship he could place the slightest reliance, and those few would be unable, in the slightest degree, to avert the blow which was so near falling.

He had been chatting first with one, then with another, until, oppressed with his feelings, he sauntered into a conservatory, and finding a quiet nook, there placed himself, and burying his face in his hands, gave full vent for a few short moments to the bitterness of his situation. There is a sort of luxury in thus giving way to grief, when it has been long pent up, and dissembled. There is something inexpressibly odious, too, in the distant sounds of festive gaiety, when one is really unhappy. The brightest conversation sounds like empty, heedless gabble; and laughter, like nothing short of idiocy.

A light touch awoke the poor fellow from his painful reverie—he started, looked up, frowned fiercely; but recognizing one of his few friends, his brow relaxed into an almost smile.

"What's the matter, Will?" asked the newcomer, and there lurked an honest worth and kindness in every tone.

"Matter, Charley, why, you know well. I am utterly ruined; entirely undone. This is the last time I shall ever show in a scene of this kind; not that I mind that; no, I know the emptiness of what one calls society, Charley. I know it well. But to be sneered at by every empty fool; to be pointed at, 'There goes the fellow who never paid his debts!' That crushes me—debts! I am a fool, that I am—a wretched, contemptible fool. But, to be dishonorable, dishonest; possibly, the cause of ruin to other poor fellows, who have looked up to me as their master—their patron—what not—Charley, I am not come to that pass, that I can coolly think of these things."

"Nonsense, Will; don't talk so."

"I must talk so, or hold my tongue."

"Hush, Will, do hold your tongue. Why, a handsome fellow like you, you might marry a fortune yet."

"I marry a fortune, Charley! Now do you think that I am a rascal enough to coolly deceive a poor girl, and bring a blight on a young, trusting creature that might last her life? No, my good fellow, I am bad enough, but not quite so bad as that."

"You might marry an old girl, Will."

"I tell you I'm not safe after I leave this house to-night. It is utter loss of time and waste of words to talk of marriage. I might have done it openly and honorably a while back. Too late now, Charley, too late now."

"Not too late at all, by any manner of means. Why, just pluck up your courage, and ask Miss C—. I saw you talking very pleasantly to her not half an hour ago. I believe she's sitting just where you left her. Come now, there's a chance. She's as rich as Croesus, and as true as gold."

"I know she is, and old enough to be my grandmother, almost."

"Why, yes; but therein lies your chief chance. You would not bring a blight on a young heart, you said?"

"Neither would I—"

"Well, hers is not young."

"Ha, ha! I should think not."

"Will you try your luck?"

"Why not? Come along."

And half in fun—half in earnest, he followed his friend, and sitting down by the side of old Miss C—, made himself, as was his wont, exceedingly agreeable.

The old lady, flattered by his attention, was pleasantly confidential. The conversation



warned imperceptibly. Charley warded off eavesdroppers, by keeping up a little running fire of pleasantries, at a convenient distance.

The moment was propitious. And the handsome guardsman asked old Miss C— if she would have him.

The old lady simpered—looked half-amused—half-angry, and, at first, entirely incredulous.

He repeated the interesting inquiry with more energy. She was surprised into a reply—a little flurried—a little nervous—a little uncertain—but not negative.

A good deal confused, the old lady rose to retire. The colonel folded her shawl about her, and handed her into her carriage.

He went home that night in a whirl of excitement. What had he done? Made a fool of that poor old lady? shown himself an ass—a knave—no—surely not.

The next morning saw him an early visitor at No. 17—Square. He there renewed his offer, and honestly and openly exposed the state of his affairs.

"Do you mean to say, that if I pay your debts, you will marry me?" asked the lady.

"Most truly will I," replied the gentleman. It was agreed, the offer accepted, and forthwith every single debt was paid.

They were married—and, strange to say, were not unhappy. Colonel J— was a man of strict honor; he was grateful to the kind old lady, who had so generously and immediately released him from a disgraceful as well as painful position.

His attentions therefore to her were unremitting; he never neglected her—never, indeed, left her, unless obliged to do so, and then for a very short space. He was a man of very superior attainments, and was delighted to discover that they were not only appreciated, but also responded to. This formed a real bond of union. He would read to her—chat with her—play for her amusement. In sickness he nursed her, and when, after a few years, she died, he sincerely mourned for her.

She left him the whole of her large fortune, but what he valued more highly—her grateful affection and esteem, breathed forth in a blessing from her dying lips.

The story, however strangely ridiculous it may appear, is a true one. And, however revolting it may seem, that a man should enter the holy state of matrimony, on such grounds and for such reasons, it is some palliative to find that he did not shrink from his lightly-imposed duties. The right performance of which, brought—as it always does—its own sure reward.

## FIRST ANNUAL BALL OF THE FAT MEN'S ASSOCIATION.

The ponderous gentlemen of the Fat Men's Association, for various and weighty reasons, held their first annual ball on the evening of Monday, December 20, at Irving Hall; and although many anticipated the giving way of the flooring of the assembly-room, or the bulging of the walls, from the unusual tons of adipose matter to which, for many hours, its rafters were subjected, we are happy to state that the noble structure sustained itself admirably, carrying out the promises of its builder. It did not budge an inch. The "floor was springy," and President Flisk and his mighty men of bone and flesh and marrow tripped lightly upon it—danced not so lightly, however, as sylphs are supposed to dance. Much good living had lined their breathing apparatuses with fat, and it was not possible for them to move gracefully through the giddy waltz, or keep up their gravity in the whirl of the polka and respite, without showing sign of fatigue or increase of pulse. Indeed, the obese brotherhood were wise. They were, from their chief, Mr. Flisk, to the lightest of the feather-weights on their roll of membership, wary of mazourka, cracovienne, schottische, and all those whirligigs which lean folks delight in. In fact, no one of them could be persuaded into a "round," but many unhesitatingly adventured on the "square," and from "midnight until dewy morn" might be seen in cotillions, stepping solemnly, in two-four time, to the strains of the music, these, the vivacious fat of the land—for obese men are ever supposed to be overrunning with humor, vivacity and the milk of human kindness. The opening march of the Brotherhood of Fat was a grand affair, and their presence in the Lancers, the basket quadrille, the Caledonians, lent a charm to the occasion that mere words cannot express. Beauty's eyes sparkled as they rested on the frisky movements of the mountains that "changed partners," attempted "grand chains," and "forwards" and "backs," and never perspired! It was truly marvelous, the agility, the nervousness of movement, the verve of these martyrs to Terpsichore, who, gracious muse, must have looked down from her Olympian abode with approving eye and waving handkerchief. But it was in *Les Lancers* that the men of proportions and weight were at home, and shone in *dos-à-dos*, in changing partners, in advancing right and left, in balancing to corners, in saluting opposite partners, and finally in hands-all-round, right and left, winding up with the march. To see such gentlemen as the president of the society, his worthy vice, Judge Mansfield, and others of equal weight in the community, in the Lancers, moving with steps of precision and grace inimitable, was well worth the admission fee to the ball.

The illustration on another page is a graphic pencil description of the Lancers as it was danced, with uncouth gravity, by the gentlemen named. It was the gem of the ball, so otily was it done. But there were others present as attractive as these burly adults. Among them, a descendant, mayhap, of Mr. Bardell's fat boy, Joe (who with much solemnity figured in the doings of the Pickwick Club), was kindly introduced to the guests by the president, Mr. Flisk, and Mr. Stort, of Poughkeepsie, New York—a much heavier personage than the chief of the Fat Men, and not as yet an affiliate.

The juvenile aspirant for "all the honors" of the brotherhood is faithfully presented on the first page of the ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER. The name of the young gentleman is Thomas F. Conway. He is but seven years old. His weight is eighty-one pounds! The parents of Master Conway are, corporeally considered, very common people, being thin, if not scraggy in their persons. New York claims this brilliant specimen of corporeosity as her own. All honor to her! It may be added that the young gentleman did not grace the floor as a "dancer," but at the festive board, it is declared by his opulent congeners, in tones of undisguised admiration, that he was great as an "eatist," and, being a good boy, went to bed, early in the morning. It is hardly necessary to add, as our illustrations fully declare the fact, that the reunion was a magnificent success. It was ponderous, elegant, brilliant, *recherche*. It was, in fine, just such a rennon as one would naturally expect an assemblage of the hugely corpulent could, should, and of necessity would, make a ball.

## THE OPENING OF THE SUEZ CANAL.

THE imposing ceremonies and international festivities attending the opening of the Suez Maritime Canal have excited the attention of two prominent branches of the civilized world—the scientific and the fashionable. To the former they presented the solution of a much disputed theory; to the latter, they were occasions of great brilliancy and *eclat*. The attendance of a long list of distinguished persons, particularly the Empress of the French, added much to the success of the festivities.

In our last issue we gave an illustration of the ceremony of pronouncing a benediction upon the canal, at Port Said; our present engraving, being on a much larger scale, gives a more comprehensive and authentic view of the scene.

It was performed in the pavilion erected on the seashore, in front of the avenue named the Quai Eugénie. The pavilions were three in number; one, containing seats for the Khedive and the Imperial and royal guests; another, an altar dressed according to the regulation of the Catholic Church; and the third, a pulpit for the Mussulman Ulema. They were built of wood, and decorated with the flags of all nations. In walking to the pavilions, amid the salute of guns, and music of the bands, the Heir-apparent of Egypt came first, with the Princess of Holland on his arm.

The Empress Eugénie took the arm of the Emperor of Austria, and the Khedive and Crown-Prince of Prussia walked on each hand. These were followed by a brilliant staff of French, Prussian, Russian, Austrian and Egyptian officers, all in uniform, and bearing honorary decorations.

The Empress was simply attired in a lavender silk walking-dress, with a wide kerchief of point-lace round her neck. She wore a black hat, a black-spotted veil hanging down over her face, and a black lace frill at the back. It was noticed that she wore no jewelry, except a small locket tied round her neck by a piece of black ribbon.

The Emperor of Austria wore his uniform of white tunic, scarlet pantaloons, and cocked hat and blue feather. The Prince of Prussia wore the uniform of the Prussian Guard. The Viceroy's uniform was blue with gold lace, and with a broad green ribbon, the hint of his scimitar blazing with jewels.

The ceremonies were of a deeply solemn and interesting character, and the eulogy of Monsignor Bauer—the Empress's confessor, who was clothed in purple—was a very felicitous effort.

The illumination and display of fireworks at Port Said that evening were splendid. Each of the streets had been adorned with a double line of red flagstuffs with the crescent, different colored banners, and lines of colored lanterns. Many of the houses had hung out flags. As evening fell, and the sun sank behind the long straight line of sand, the view from the ships was very picturesque. As the deep glow faded from the sky, and the forest of masts became confused and indistinct, faint lines of light seemed to creep like golden gossamer threads across the sky. Long lines of lanterns, festooned from mast to mast, and down the lines of rigging, everywhere made their appearance. Some of the men-of-war could be traced by the lights placed at every port-hole. Nor was the scene less brilliant on shore. There the long lines of lanterns marked out the streets, while away far to the right the Arab town and the tents of the troops were marked out by the long lines of light. The piers and breakwater were lighted up by tar-barrels placed at short intervals. It was a beautiful scene, and over all the moon shone brightly, while the flashing electric light upon the summit of the lofty lighthouse added greatly to the effect, as at one moment it flashed out intensely bright, and then faded into comparative darkness.

On Wednesday morning, the Imperial and royal vessels started from Port Said for Suez, the other terminal of the canal. On Thursday the marine procession halted at Ismailia, when the distinguished guests were conducted by the Khedive to his new palace, lately built for the occasion. The Empress descended at the villa of M. de Lesseps, but while a throng of people was gathering at the front door to receive her, she went quietly out by a side entrance, mounted a camel, richly caparisoned, and rode off along the Quai Mehemet Ali, past the Arab camp.

Here she was received with vociferous cheers; the appearance of a lady so distinguished, riding with remarkable grace on a huge camel, no doubt inspired the soldiers with an extra amount of curiosity, if not loyalty. The Empress wore an enormous straw hat, with a heavy veil, and was dressed very plainly. After enjoying her romantic drive a short

time, she entered a pony chaise, with the Emperor of Austria at her side, and rode about the streets. The multitude of Arab tents on the esplanade, and the performances of the Bedouin horsemen, galloping to and fro, shouting, and firing off their muskets, seemed to amuse her very much. The Viceroy entertained their Majesties and Royal Highnesses, at night, with a sumptuous ball in his new palace, attended by several thousand people.

Our topographical map shows the entrance to the canal, with the depths of water on the Red Sea end, and, with the one presented a few weeks ago, will give a clear idea of the direction of the canal, and the relative position of the cities along its route.

## NEW EXCAVATIONS IN ROME.

A LADY, writing from Rome, remarks upon discoveries that are daily being made there:

"The wonderful excavations at the Church of St. Clement are well known to the visitors to Rome. Every one goes there, and looks, with as much awe as surprise, on the vast subterranean church which has lain hidden and forgotten for ages; and then descends still further down into the darkness and obscurity, and sees the stuccoed ceilings and walls of an old Roman house of Imperial times. Lately the energetic and enthusiastic prior of St. Clement, Dr. Mallooly, has made a fresh discovery—for the excavations continue. This new revelation is a vast chamber supporting a vault of extraordinary thickness. The southern wall of this chamber is made of immense blocks of travertine and of lithoid tufa—the tufa is of the same quality as that in the wall of Servius Tullius. Two other walls are formed of very beautiful bricks and little squares, which belong to a construction now called by archaeologists *Sarcinacea*. The pavement is of bricks placed in *arria* or fish-bone form. This chamber is under the subterranean basilica. Another chamber of the same dimensions and appearance is being excavated, and the learned prior hopes to discover for what use they served before the ancient church or basilica was built.

"But all this work of excavation is enormously expensive, and it would be a very good work in the cause of archaeology if the thousands who visit the wonderful subterranean of St. Clement would stop in the sacristy, and leave something toward the excavating fund. I am often amused to see a party of visitors stop and write their names in the sacristy visiting-book without leaving a penny. They might at least buy some of the fine volumes written in English, describing the subterranean, and illustrated by chromo-lithographic plates and plans. The Earl of Northumberland, whose sons were boy friends of Prior Mallooly, has been very liberal. Last winter the prior kindly invited me to visit the underground basilica and Roman House, at the time he had the whole place brilliantly illuminated for a private view given to some members of the earl's family, who were then in Rome. On St. Clement's Day (November 23d), St. Ignatius's Day (February 1st), and the second Monday in Lent, the subterranean are illuminated and open to the public. At any time, however, the prior will be very happy to have the places lighted for a party, if they will bear the expense, which is trifling—ten or fifteen francs."

AN ANCIENT MAP OF THE WORLD.—Says an English correspondent: "Arrangements have been made in England for reproducing in fac-simile the famous 'Mappa Mundi' in Hereford Cathedral. This record of the state of geographical knowledge in the Middle Ages (says the *Pall Mall Gazette*) has hitherto received far greater attention from foreign than from English geographers and antiquaries. Recent researches have modified some of the conclusions which the Vicomte de Santarem and M. d'Avezac derived from their imperfect copies of the map; but the date assigned to it by the latter in his essay on the subject has been confirmed by a discovery lately made in the cathedral records. Arguing from the political divisions of France, Burgundy and Flanders on the map, M. d'Avezac referred its execution to 1315, or thereabouts; and it has now been discovered that Richard de Basingham, who, according to the coeval inscription, 'latet e compassa' (namely, *la fait et compassa*), held a prebendal stall at Hereford from 1290 to 1310. The map itself, familiar to every visitor of the cathedral, represents the habitable earth as a circular island, surrounded by the ocean stream. Jerusalem is placed in the centre. Asia occupies nearly the (whole upper or eastern) half of the circle, and Europe and Africa divide between them the other section. There are numerous inscriptions and illustrations scattered over the whole surface of the map, describing the products of the several countries, and occasionally their legends. Great Britain is delineated with especial minuteness."

SLEEPING TOGETHER.—The *Laws of Life* says: "More quarrels occur between brothers, between sisters, between hired girls, between clerks in stores, between apprentices in mechanics' shops, between hired men, between husbands and wives, owing to electrical changes through which their nervous systems go by lodging together night after night under the same bedclothes, than by almost any disturbing cause. There is nothing that will so derange the nervous system of a person who is eliminative in nervous force as to lie all night in bed with another person who is absorbent in nervous force. The absorbent will go to sleep and rest all night, while the eliminative will be tumbling and tossing, restless and nervous, and wake up in the morning fretful, peevish, fault-finding and discouraged. No two persons, no matter who they are, should habitually sleep together. One will thrive and the other will lose. This is the law, and in married life it is defied almost universally."

THE INVENTIVE GENIUS OF THE COUNTRY.—The inventive genius of the country is strikingly illustrated by the fact that 19,360 patents, 3,580 caveats, and 153 extensions were applied for during the year ending June 30th, 1869. The fees were \$213,928 in excess of the expenditures. It was never meant, however, that inventors should do more than pay the expenses of the Patent Office. Another marvelous fact developed by the reports is the correspondence of the country. Thus, 6,688,858 letters were sent from and 8,857,796 received in the United States exclusive of Canada, of which, both ways, the number is estimated at 3,000,000. We have not the record of domestic letters, but there were issued 862,722,560 stamps, envelopes and newspaper wrappers, and there are 228,731 miles of mail routes. The cost of transit was \$10,466,501, or 11.41 cents per mile by railroad, and 17.82 cents by steamer.

THE MOTHER OF THE EMPRESS EUGÉNIE.—There is a pretty story told of one of the ancestors of the Empress Eugénie, which is probably new to many of our readers. It seems that many years ago there lived in an Andalusian town a German toymaker, who had a charming daughter. This young maiden was famous for her beauty and virtue, both of which attracted the attention, and eventually won the love, of the young son of the Count Montijo. She met his advances with the cry, "Marriage before love." His affection for her was an honest one, and in spite of his father's obstinate refusal, he married her. The old count refused the young pair any assistance so that their sufferings promised to be very great. But the two eldest brothers of the young husband dying, the old count had but the prodigal child, whom he took back to his heart and purse. This Countess of Montijo was the mother of Eugénie of France.

## PERSONAL AND GENERAL.

GRIST died of an abscess in the head.

THE Prince of Wales is already becoming very bald.

THE left side of the Empress of Russia is completely paralyzed.

COUNT ORLOFF has been appointed Russian Ambassador at Vienna.

FARGO, the expressman, is building him a glass palace in Buffalo.

FRANK BLAIR continues to predict evil for Grant's administration.

GENERAL KILPATRICK is buying up horses in New Jersey for Chile.

THE Empress Eugénie came home \$1,200,000 richer than she went to Suez.

BRIGHAM THE YOUNGER, it is said, lost \$1,000 gambling in New York.

MR. WALLACK has discontinued the matinee custom—at least for the present.

HER deposed Majesty, Isabella, is writing a novel of which herself is the heroine.

VICTOR HUGO and Louis Blanc have written warm eulogies on the late George Peabody.

THE California railways have Chinese conductors to attend to the Celestial passengers.

BARBARA UBYRK, the Cracow nun, has been sent to a lunatic asylum as incurably insane.

IN consequence of infirm health, Sir Henry Bulwer is spending the winter at Vich, Spain.

EX-GOVERNOR FLETCHER, of Missouri, has been admitted to practice in the Supreme Court.

THE Rev. Stephen Tyng, Junior, thinks of settling in Columbus, Ohio, over Trinity Church.

THE Rev. Dr. Barrows will be the Temperance candidate for Governor of New Hampshire.

PROFESSOR MOSES C. TYLER, has been solicited to accept the editorship of the "Yale Courant."

THE Yale class of '71 don't know who ought to have the wooden spoon. Stirring times may be expected.

ENOCH B. SMITH was married in Kokomo, Indiana, last week, in the presence of fifty-two other Smiths.

THE wealthiest notary public in Paris has been arrested and committed to prison on a charge of forgery.

HON. SANFORD E. CHURCH, who has been very low for some weeks, is now gradually gaining strength.

ROBINSON CRUSOE's famous isle has been colonized by a well-organized company of German emigrants.

THE Crown-Prince of Prussia will make this winter a trip to the Northern Provinces of Sweden and Norway.

THE only layman admitted to the Ecumenical Council is Cesare Canto, an Italian, who is to be its historian.

COUNTESS IDA HAHN HAHN has gone to the Council at Rome. She is a nun, and occupies her time in writing.

THE Princess de Metternich claims that her "midnight mission" has restored fifty fallen women to respectability.

THE only American delegate who spoke at the Woman's Union Conference, at Berlin, was Mrs. Daggett, of Chicago.

OLE BULL is coming over to this country, intending to spend some time among his countrymen out West.

THE Emperor Francis Joseph is said to be the first Christian sovereign who has visited Jerusalem since the Crusades.

THE Queen of England patronizes literature. She has given seven pounds to a woman who had five children at once.

THE Governor-General of Canada has appointed Alfred Cecil Selwyn, of Montreal, Chief Director of the Geological Survey of Canada.

MADAME OLYMPE AUDOARD, the woman who dared to brave Brigham Young in his own house, is lecturing in Paris on the "Far West."

PRINCE ITURBIDE, who considers himself heir to the Mexican throne, is about to marry a rich heiress of Stuttgart, Mlle. de Kaufmann.

IT is said that a beautiful niece of Major-General Benjamin F. Butler is soon to marry a distinguished and wealthy Washington banker.

PRINCE SCHAKHOWSKOI, a Russian judge, was recently discovered to be a defaulter to the amount of 25,000 roubles. He eloped to America.

BRIGHAM YOUNG, Junior, is sojourning in Philadelphia, owing, it is said, to the fact that his third better-half refuses to return with him to Utah.

THE Vicar of Toronto preached a sermon against dissolute conduct, and shortly after, the story goes, was picked up in the street in a very dissolute condition.

JUDGE STANLEY MATTHEWS, whose great speech in the Cincinnati Bible case is pronounced one of the ablest ever delivered, is recovering from a severe illness.

THE editorial table of the "Yale Literary Magazine" is now thirty-four years old, and the names of Donald G. Mitchell, Wm. M. Evans and others, are cut upon it.

COUNT WALDECK, the 105 year old artist of Paris, is now engaged on a picture entitled Absinthe, in which a vase of the beverage is represented with a skeleton floating therein.

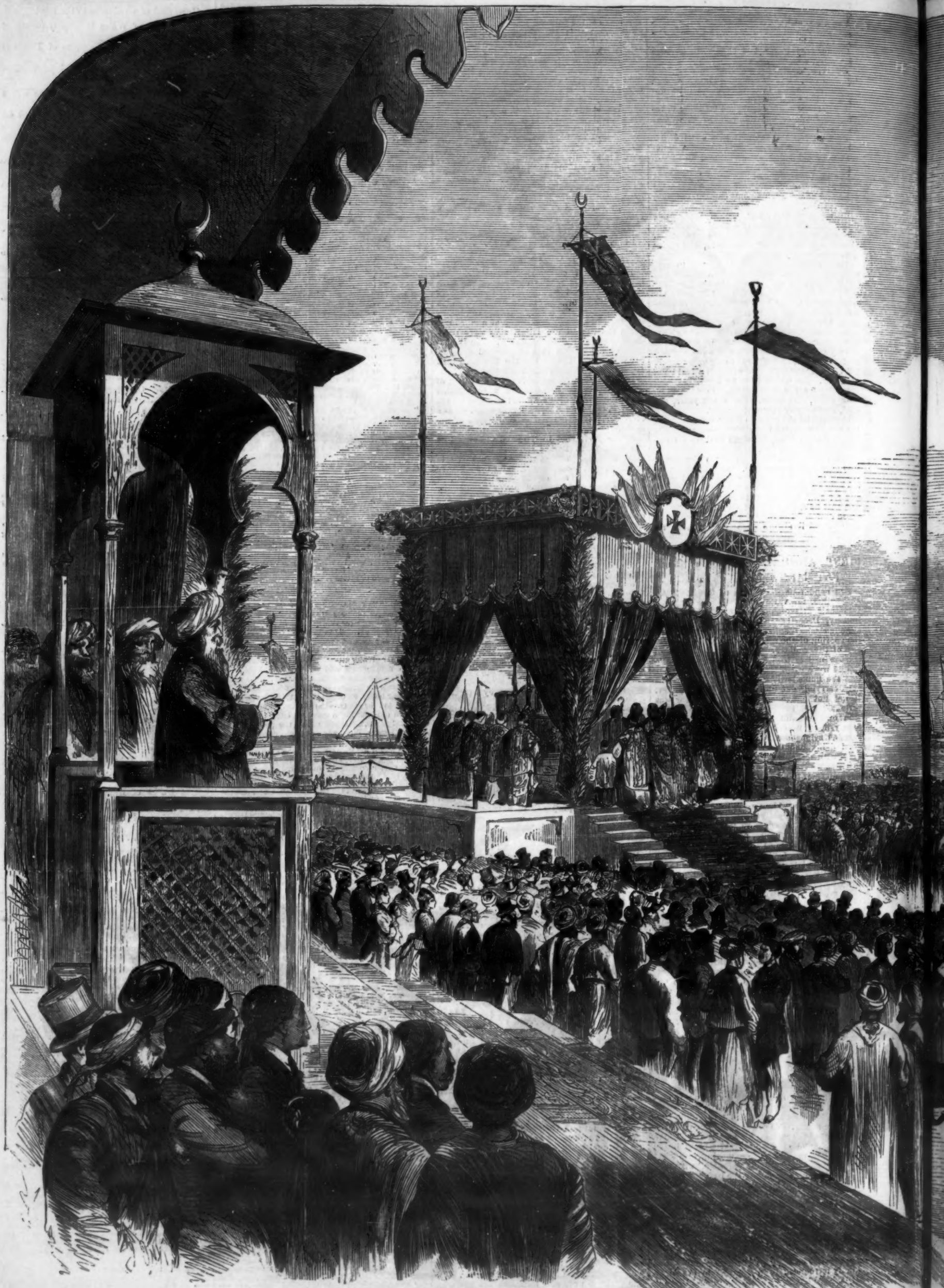
STRANGE to say, not a scrap of Shakespeare's manuscript has ever been found, nor a single letter, save one, of the many he must have written.

PROFESSOR HUNTINGTON, the Assistant State Geologist of New Hampshire, has gone into winter quarters on the summit of Mount Moosilauke Mountain, five thousand feet above the level of the sea.

ADMIRAL FARRAGUT has sent tokens of gratitude to five physicians who attended him while he was ill at Chicago. A man who escapes with his life from five doctors has reason indeed to feel thankful.

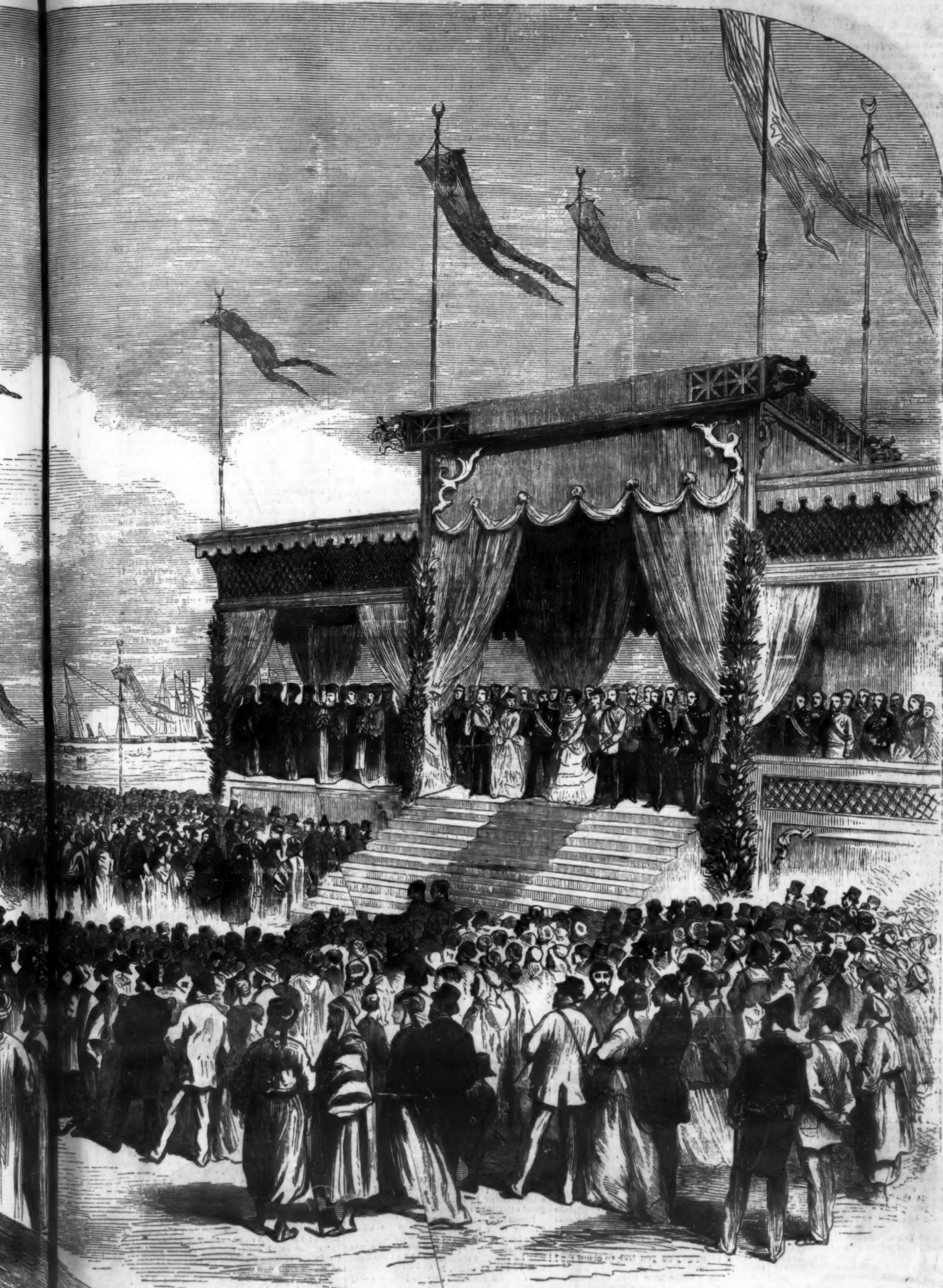
M. NESTOR ROQUEFLAM, the noted French author, has a mania for collecting warming-pans, and has, in a gallery devoted to their exhibition, some which belonged to Mary Queen of Scots, Mme. de Pompadour, Marie Antoinette, Catharine de Medici, et al.





EGYPT.—OPENING OF THE SUEZ CANAL.—BLESSING THE CANAL AT PORT SAID.





PORT OF SPAIN IN THE PRESENCE OF THE IMPERIAL AND ROYAL VISITORS.—See Page 279.



## LINES ON THE DEAD YEAR.

The ivy overshines the wall,  
Her purple poison-berries shed;  
Ash-clusters blacken to their fall;  
The year is dead!

A fleck of amber, in the cloud  
That swathes the east, is dawn and light!  
And day, that gloom and mist enshroud,  
Makes welcome night.

As one who, seeing life depart,  
Ponders the wonder of our lives,  
So, at the dead year's feet, my heart  
Strange thought revives.

I think of one, a blossom set  
Shining amid the snows of years;  
Sweet in remembrance, in regret,  
Even in tears.

I see the bright rose of her face  
Flushed with the tender flush of youth,  
And murmur, amorous of its grace,  
"Blue eyes for truth."

Blue eyes—the summer sky less blue—  
They were my rapture, my despair;  
I knew them bright, and felt them true,  
Blue eyes that were!

Again I watch the cloud that lends  
The future all its rainbow dyes;  
Again its veil the Phantom rends  
And rapture flies.

The anguish of each winter day  
Comes back into my heart anew;  
The charms death could not steal away  
Once more I view.

And in the wailing of the winds,  
The moan of branches swaying bare,  
Again my soul re-echoed finds  
Its own despair.

The ivy overshines the wall,  
The berries of the ash are shed;  
Under the holly's coronal  
The year lies dead!

## THE HUSBAND OF TWO WIVES.

BY MARY GRACE HALPINE.

## CHAPTER XIX.—ILL NEWS GOOD NEWS.

MARK remained abroad six months, and then returned, entering the office of an eminent lawyer in New York, to whom he had been recommended by Mr. Trapper.

In pursuance of the plan laid down by him, he applied himself closely to the study of his profession, for which he had no little talent and aptitude.

He had dropped Mr. Trapper a line immediately after landing, announcing his arrival, and as three weeks passed, bringing him no reply, began to grow uneasy.

Mr. Trapper's letters, when he was abroad, had been few and brief, all the mention of his family being an occasional, "All as usual at the house."

Mark had made every effort to root from his heart what he believed to be a hopeless passion; but he had not found his task an easy one. This was no boy's violent, but short-lived passion, but the man's earnest love—strong as the manhood of which it was a part.

During the busy day his thoughts were occupied by other things, but when evening came his heart would revert to her, who still held her place there. He pictured to himself, again and again, her every grace and bloom, recounting the many evidences she had given him of her gentleness and purity.

One night, as he was glancing over the evening paper, his attention was attracted to a notice headed, "Terrible steamboat explosion! Thirty killed and fifteen wounded!"

As his eye ran over the long list of victims, he was startled by a familiar name.

Could it be possible? Yes, there it was: "Amanda Burt, of Detroit, Mich., killed."

Mark's first impulse was to write to Mr. Trapper, who had kept a quiet, but watchful eye on the movements of the whole family. Then he concluded to go himself, as the shortest and most satisfactory method of obtaining the counsel and information he sought.

As soon as he reached Boston, he went directly to Mr. Trapper's office, and found that the whole family were out of town.

"He's expecting to return soon, I should say," said Mr. Skipitt, as he noticed Mark's disappointed look, "as he sent orders to have no more letters forwarded."

"You don't know what day?"

"No, sir. But I think you'll find out at the house."

Mark at once acted on this suggestion. He learned from Mason that Mr. Trapper was coming home the next day.

"The family are all well, I hope?" inquired Mark, thinking of but not speaking her name, of whom he was most anxious to hear.

"All but Miss Florence, sir; she is very poorly. It's entirely on her account that Mr. Trapper went away—to some springs or other, I forget the name. I don't hear that it's done my young lady any good, though."

"How long has Miss Florence been out of health?"

"Ever since you went abroad, sir. Ah, but it would make your heart ache to look at her; she's lost the rosy color and merry looks and ways that made her like a sunbeam wherever she went. Indeed, I'm afraid, if she don't get help soon, that my dear young lady won't be with us a great while."

Mason was careful not to look at Mark as he

said this; when he did, he was startled and shocked at his pale face.

"Miss Florence will be delighted to see you back again," he hastened to say. "She is one of them that likes old friends best, and 'twill brighten her up wonderful. So will all of us be delighted, if I may make so bold as to say so, sir."

"Thank you, Mason. Be good enough to give this letter to Mr. Trapper as soon as he returns. And, as Miss Florence is so feeble, you had better not say anything about my calling; it might startle her. You understand?" added Mark, as he noticed the faithful old servant's blank, disappointed look.

"I hear," was the grim response.

"But as to understanding," muttered Mason, as soon as Mark was out of hearing, "that's another thing. She's a-grieving of herself to death for him, and he's turning as white as a sheet at the thought of her dying, and won't even let her know he's in town for fear of startling her! Did ever any one hear such nonsense? Why, the sight of him would do her more good than all the doctor's stuff in the country. But there ain't none so blind as them that won't see!"

Could Mason have seen Mark after his return to his hotel, he might have altered his opinion.

Though by no means deficient in self-respect, Mark had little vanity. He could not but know that Florence loved him; the very intensity of his passion for her taught him that; yet, though he believed that it could be cherished into enduring affection, he considered her love to be of a nature easily eradicated and forgotten.

He was greatly shocked to learn his error, and especially touched at this proof of the strength and sincerity of her affection.

"What if my release should come too late?" was the agonizing thought that tortured him through the long sleepless hours of the night.

Mr. Trapper came over to see Mark as soon as he got his letter, his manner betraying the strong agitation into which it had thrown him.

"My dear boy, this is news!" he said, as he shook him by the hand; "almost too good to be true. And yet it's not only the same name, but the very place where they've been living for the last two years. But we must get more reliable proofs. I had an acquaintance in Detroit, to whom I wrote to get some intelligence of their movements; but as luck will have it, he was on board the same steamboat; here is his name among the killed. But he has a son; I'll write to him."

"How is Florence?" inquired Mark, at the first opportunity for speech afforded him.

Mr. Trapper's elated look suddenly changed to one of sorrow.

"My poor child is not at all well, Mark."

"How could you keep from me her state of health?" said Mark, in a voice that trembled with suppressed emotion.

"My dear fellow, just consider; it would only have pained you, and not done her the slightest good. I know, and you can guess, the cause. If it be as we have no little reason to believe, we shall soon have the roses back in her cheeks again. A few days will decide."

In the course of a week, Mr. Trapper received a letter from Detroit, stating that the account in the paper was correct, as the writer had good reasons for knowing, his father being among the fatally injured.

He also had a letter from Mr. Burt, much of it quite illegible, but containing the hope that what he was pleased to term "his misfortune" would "make no difference about the money."

"Of course not," said Mr. Trapper to Mark, as between them both they contrived to make out this humbly expressed wish; "it was in the contract that the mother was to have it if the daughter died. It must be a terrible blow to Mrs. Burt. I don't believe there was another tender spot in her heart; but she loved her daughter, though it was with more of the fierceness of the tiger than any human."

Mark was silent for a moment.

The woman he had once passionately loved had been suddenly sent to her account. It was impossible for him to mourn, but Death sanctifies all that he touches, and in spite of the great relief that it brought him, his soul was touched with a sense of awe and compassion.

"It was a horrible fate!" he said, with a shudder. "God be very merciful to her, and to us all! I will see that her mother has the annuity while she lives."

## CHAPTER XX.—THE HAPPY REUNION.

It was with strangely conflicting feelings that Mark ascended the stairs that led to the room to which Florence was now mostly confined, but the uppermost one was the strong necessity for self-control.

Mr. Trapper led the way, pausing as they entered a room on the first landing, and signing Mark to remain. He then went into an inner apartment, leaving the door ajar.

Florence was reclining on a lounge, turning listlessly the leaves of a book, with an abstracted, far-off look in her eyes, which showed that her thoughts were elsewhere.

She smiled as her father entered.

"You are home early, papa."

"I came purposely to see you. How are you this morning, my dear child?"

"Very comfortable. Home is the best place, after all, papa. How very beautiful!" she added, as he placed in her hand a spray of roses. "You never come home without bringing me something."

"I wish that I could bring the roses into those pale cheeks—the roses that used to bloom there far more lovely than these."

Florence raised her eyes softly to her father's face.

"Dear papa, why do you fret so about me? I'm not worth it."

"I've had a letter from Mark since our return. You never speak of him nowadays."

"It isn't because I don't think of him."

"I daresay not."

There was something peculiar in her father's tone, and Florence looked at him attentively.

"Was there anything particular in Mark's letter, papa?"

"I should rather think there was; something of considerable import to him, and, if I am not mistaken, to you also."

The color came and went in the cheeks of the agitated girl.

"Oh, papa, why don't you tell me?"

"My dear child, be calm. What a bungler your old father is, to be sure! I only wanted to tell you that Mark is no longer bound; the woman he told you of is dead!"

Mr. Trapper certainly could not complain now of the want of roses in the cheeks of Florence, though the color was too feverish to please him.

"Oh, papa! and now—"

"Now I suppose I shall have to write Mark to come back, post-haste. Or, perhaps, I had better telegraph?"

"Do you think he wants to come?" said Florence, hiding her eyes on her father's shoulder.

Mr. Trapper beckoned Mark to approach, who, no longer able to restrain his impatience, now stood within the half-open door.

"I'll let the young man speak for himself," he said, as Mark obeyed.

Then, feeling that there was something in this happy reunion too sacred for even a father's eyes to witness, he slipped out of the room.

But as two hours passed, and Mark failed to make his appearance below, Mr. Trapper re-entered.

"You must not tire Florence with too long a visit, Mark."

Mark laid his finger on his lip, with a gesture of silence.

And as Mr. Trapper approached nearer, he saw that Florence was quietly sleeping, with her head resting on her lover's shoulder.

She slightly stirred in her slumber, but her dreams were evidently happy, for she smiled, nestling still closer in the arms that enfolded her.

Mark's heart beat happily beneath the light weight of its precious burden, now all his own; but his eye moistened as he saw how the sweet face had altered.

"How thin she has grown, and pale!"

"Yes; but there is no actual disease. With so skillful a nurse as you seem to be, she cannot fail to regain her old looks and color."

Florence entirely fulfilled her father's prophecy. Hers was one of those sensitive natures to whom love is like sunshine; when withdrawn, she drooped, but under its cheering rays she blossomed into fragrance and beauty.

Nor was this all. Mark's was one of those healthful, well-balanced natures that exercise a happy influence over all it comes in contact with. And to the fragile being who clung to him he imparted the warmth and vitality with which his own was overflowing.

Her father declared "that he was actually ashamed of her!" his countenance beaming, as he spoke, with pride and affection.

"It's my belief that you were not ill at all—only shamming, miss; frightening your poor old father out of his wits with your pale face! I wonder you are not ashamed to look me in the eye with such blooming cheeks as those, and got up at such short notice. I suppose nothing will satisfy you now but a speedy wedding!"

The roses bloomed still more brightly in the cheeks of Florence at this suggestion.

"Indeed, papa, I'm not in the least hurry, only Mark—"

"It's only Mark that's in a hurry, eh? Now I don't approve of giving that young gentleman too much of his own way. Let me see; in two years you'll be twenty."

"Two years! What can you be thinking of, papa?"

"Well, my love, if that is too soon—"

Here Mark came to the rescue.

"I suppose you meant two weeks, sir; this is the time Florence and I agreed upon—"

ject, of course, to your approval."

"And a very curious agreement it is for a young lady 'not the least in a hurry!'"

"What a tease you are, papa! It was not my idea at all. Mark suggested it, and—"

"Allowed yourself to be persuaded very much against your will, of course. Ye well, if your mother does not object, two yeks it shall be."

In accordance with the wishes of all, with the exception of Mrs. Trapper, the wedding was very quiet, and they immediately set out upon a bridal tour of some weeks' duration, during which the health of Florence was entirely established.

But when Mark and Florence returned, and took possession of their new home, they gave a succession of brilliant entertainments, that satisfied even Mrs. Trapper, and won the pride and boast of Mason for years after.

Mark had a fine residence on Sumner street, and Mr. Trapper employed the use of his absence in completely refurbishing, from basement to attic. This was his daughter's dowry.

And a very pleasant surprise was to the young couple on their return, come to their own house, and to find in it all the elements of a lovely as well as loving home.

Mr. Trapper relinquished him to Florence, at her earnest solicitation.

"The young folks need ymore than I do," he said to Mason, in proposing this transfer of his services; "in getting and keeping their establishment in running order, you will be of great assistance to them."

Mason was more gratified at this compliment, coming from his old master, than he would have been at the gift of ear's wages.

"Thank you, sir; I'll my best for 'em, you may be sure. I should like to go out of the family; but as to Mr. Trapper and Miss Florence, 'twill be all the same serving you, if I may make so bold as to say, sir."

But the happiest of all to Mark and Florence were the weeks spent in their

country home. To the former it was in marked contrast to his last visit. The curse that had so darkened everything upon which his eye rested was now removed, while she stood smilingly beside him who was the joy and blessing of his life.

The gorgeous bloom of summer had given place to the sober tints of autumn; but never had the place seemed so full of tranquil loveliness; and they mutually agreed that they would spend the summer months of every year there.

As a matter of course, they visited the "farmhouse," delighting the inmates with various tokens of their thoughtful remembrance. Katy was especially pleased with the loaf of wedding-cake which Florence had put by for her, knowing the significance she would attach to it.

And of all the congratulations he received, none sounded more pleasantly to Mark than the hearty words that came from the lips of honest Ben.

"I told my Katy, Mr. Mark, more'n a year ago, that all you wanted was a wife—jest sech a wife as you've got. The day I first heard on't was the happiest of my life, 'cepting the one on which I got spliced. I actilly grewed two inches!"

## CHAPTER XXI.—HOW MARK MAKES A FRIEND OF AN ENEMY.

WHEN Mark Fielding was admitted to the Suffolk bar, it was supposed by many to be a mere honorary distinction; that, a man of independent fortune, he would be averse to the toil and close application necessary to enable him to rise to any eminence in his profession.

But in this they were mistaken. With Mark work was not only pleasure, but a sort of necessity. His physical strength and endurance enabled him to perform with ease an amount of brain-work that would have been exhaustive to most men. And to his other mental endowments, he added the charm of eloquence, such as few hearts can withstand.

The first case of any note in which he was engaged was a suit brought by a poor, hard-working man against a rich, unprincipled neighbor, to recover property wrongfully withheld from him by some legal quibble of which the latter had taken advantage.

Mark's sympathies were strongly enlisted for the plaintiff, who had a large, dependent family. He had neither means nor influence, and his lawyer, either from want of ability or interest, so mismanaged the case that it was decided against him.

Mark was present, and as soon as the verdict was rendered, he moved for a new trial. It being granted, he threw himself into the case heart and soul, pleading it so successfully that the former verdict was not only set aside, but the defendant made the mark of public scorn and ridicule.

This created no little talk and excitement, and he grew rapidly into public favor and confidence. And it soon became generally known that neither money nor influence could bribe Mark Fielding to undertake a case not founded in justice. He was known to refuse large retainers from one side, and volunteer in favor of the other, and often without hope of fee or reward. So that the remark was frequently heard, "If he's secured Fielding, he's got justice on his side, if not law." And though law and justice are not always synonymous, he was generally successful.

In this way he won for himself the title of "the Honest Lawyer," "The Poor Man's Advocate," and by which he was as well known as his own name.

The weight of this simple honesty of purpose allowed him into the court-room. It was felt by both judge and jury, who listened to him as one who said: "This man is not trying to bolster up a bad cause; he is either right, or believes himself to be so."

"Have you heard anything about my cousin Timothy, lately?"

Mark made this inquiry in Mr. Trapper's private office, when they were quite by themselves.

"Not very lately; when I did, he was going down hill pretty fast. He lived for years in the anticipation of eventually inheriting the property, and never trained himself to honest labor, and now it comes hard. And then, again, he's got the reputation of being tricky as well as indolent, and people don't like to trust him. He has a young wife, I hear, and a nice little woman too—more's the pity."

"I suppose it was a disappointment."

"About the property? yes, I presume it was. But it would have made no difference, in the end; he would have run it all through by this time, if he'd had it."

"Here is a letter he wrote me."

Mr. Trapper's face flushed as he examined it. "The contemptible scoundrel! it's well that you are not in his power, as he thinks you. Did ever any one hear such unblushing impudence? 'Will compromise for half the property!' Well, that is a joke."

"I don't see how he found out about my former marriage."

"That's easily accounted for. He knew Amanda and her mother long before you did; and for reasons of his own, kept a sharp eye on them. Trail by nature, as well as name, he prowls around, like a cat, watching and listening. It isn't the first time he's tried his hand at blackmailing—sometimes extorting quite a sum from persons, by getting hold of something they'd rather keep quiet."

Mark turned toward the door.

"He writes that he's living on Portland street; I think I'll call over and see him."

"If you do, I hope you'll give the rascally puppy the kicking he deserves; you could easily hold him with one hand."

"I won't promise that," returned Mark, laughing; but I hope to make him thoroughly ashamed of himself before I get through with him."



It was a dingy, comfortless-looking dwelling at which Mark stopped. On one side of the doorway was a written notice of "Leproses to Let."

He found Mr. Trail on the third floor. A pale, sad-eyed woman opened the door. She had a babe in her arms, while an older child was playing about the room.

Yes; Mr. Trail was in. If he would take a seat, she would speak to him.

Taking Mark's card, she went into the adjoining room, where Trail was lounging, alternately cursing "his confounded luck," and wondering what the effect would be of his "first shot," as he termed his letter to Mark.

"Ho, ho!" he chuckled, "I thought that would bring him. Won't be quite so high and mighty as he was when I saw him last. 'Thought I'd better go to work!' So I have been; as he'll find!"

Mr. Trail made his toilet very leisurely; with the design of heightening by suspense the fears of his visitor.

In the meantime Mark, whose heart warmed toward all weak and helpless things, had coaxed the sickly child to come to him, and when its father entered, it was laying its head against his knee.

"Can't come that dodge ever me!" was Mr. Trail's inward comment, who had about as much comprehension of Mark's character as the blind have of light.

Nevertheless, he was dashed a little at his cousin's easy, assured bearing.

This is rather a poor place to receive you in; but I hope to be able to do better by you when we come to an understanding! Jenny, you can take the children into the other room. I presume you would prefer that our conference should be a private one?"

"That is by no means essential, so far as I am concerned," said Mark, quietly, inwardly amused at Timothy's air of confidence and assurance. Adding, as Mrs. Trail left the room: "With your talents and opportunities, you should make for your family a more comfortable provision than this."

"Pray how much of your property did you get by your own exertions?"

"I inherited my property, as you know; but it exempts me from the necessity, not from the duty of labor. Not a clerk in my employ works so hard as I."

"Every one to his taste," said Trail, with an impatient shrug of the shoulder. "But now to business. I suppose you got my letter?"

"Yes."

"And I suppose that its contents were sufficiently comprehensive, if not satisfactory?"

"It is comprehensive. What you propose doing will bring sorrow and shame on a woman who, if she is not my wife, believes herself to be such, and on her innocent child. Have you thought of this?"

"It isn't my business to think of it; that's your lookout. If you agree to my terms, nothing of the kind will occur."

"And you will accept of nothing less?"

"No. Though, if you prefer to keep the 'Fielding Place,' I will take its equivalent in money. It must be worth a round sum. Uncle Thomas ought to have left me that much."

"Uncle Thomas had a right to leave his property to either or neither of us. He assisted you a great deal during his lifetime, and to little purpose."

"I have an idea that the little arrangement I spoke of will be considerably more so."

"Cousin Timothy, do I look like a villain, that you should consider me capable of marrying one woman, while legally bound to another?"

"But you have, though."

"Not at all. The person you alluded to died six months before I married my present wife."

"Impossible!"

"I speak truly; as you will see by these papers."

It was curious to observe the sudden change in Timothy's looks and manner; he actually grew sallow from chagrin and disappointment. He had not only the mortification of seeing this cunningly laid scheme defeated, but felt that he could expect no further assistance from Mark, of whom he had borrowed—as he termed it—quite a little sum in the aggregate.

Mark's countenance expressed neither triumph nor elation.

"I wish I could induce you to turn your talents to better account. Half the time and ingenuity you spend in practicing on people's fears and prejudices, if exercised in some honest calling, would insure your family all the comforts of life."

This was so different from what Timothy supposed he, or any one else would say, under the same circumstances, that for the first time in his life he was at a loss how to reply.

"It's easy talking; but I wasn't brought up to any trade or profession; and when a fellow's going down hill, everybody gives 'em a kick. I wouldn't care for myself, if it wasn't for Jenny and the children."

"I am glad to see you taking some thought for them. What have you been doing the past year?"

"I've tried to get work. I tried to get the collectorship for Gooding & Co.; but they won't take any one unless they are recommended and can give bonds."

"If you think the place will suit you, I will furnish the bonds required. I am acquainted with the head of the firm, and will speak to him about it."

"I don't know of anything that would suit me so well. They give a good percentage, and I've often collected debts that have been given up as lost. I like traveling about, too."

"That is settled, then. Now for your family. They can't be very comfortable here. I have a house in Melrose, small, but neat and comfortable, and with a garden attached to it. They can have it rent free; and if, at the end of the year, you are doing as well as I believe you will do, I'll settle it on your wife."

Mr. Trail considered himself to be a good

judge of human nature; and so he was, the dark side of it. This treatment from a man at whose peace and honor he had aimed so deadly a blow, was as incomprehensible as it was unexpected.

Neither were his feelings those of unmixed pleasure. If it had been Mark's intention, as he said, to make his cousin "thoroughly ashamed of himself," he certainly had succeeded. He made bungling work of the thanks and acknowledgments that struggled to his lips, and finally broke down utterly.

Mark was not sorry to see this, as it showed that the man had a heart—if not of the most generous pattern—and that he had found his way to it.

"Never mind about that, cousin. The good use you make of the opportunities afforded you will be the best thanks you can give me. I cannot believe that you will ever make me feel ashamed that I have spoken for you, or sorry that I trusted you."

"I'm not bad enough for that, bad as I am." "And when you get settled in your new home, Mrs. Fielding will ride out to see you. Your wife and mine ought not to be strangers."

Timothy hung his head, at this suggestion, stammering something, of which Mark only caught the concluding words.

"Not a word. She shall never hear of it from me, or any one else. So forget it, as I shall do."

But Timothy did not forget it. Not that it effected any radical change in his nature, except so far as Mark was concerned—people's natures are not so easily changed. He still retained his distrust of human nature, and preferred a crooked path, even when a straight one would have been more to the purpose. And perhaps the veneration and devotion he felt, from that day, for "Cousin Mark" were all the stronger because it was the only sentiment of the kind that he was ever known to cherish for any one.

When Jenny and the children began to grow strong and rosy in their new and pleasant home, Florence redeemed her husband's promise.

When she held out her hand so cordially to Mr. Trail, calling him "Cousin Timothy," he knew that Mark had kept his word. Nor did Florence ever learn of the treachery he meditated.

"I can't help liking your cousin, because he thinks so much of you," she said to Mark on the evening of the same day, as she related to him the events of her visit; "he never seems to tire praising you."

Mark smiled at his wife's enthusiasm.

He listened with pleased attention to all that she said. And then, having made himself quite sure that the whole family were as comfortable as he wished them to be, dismissed the subject from his mind; never dreaming that the "bread he had cast upon the waters would return to him after many days."

#### CHAPTER XXII.—THE STRANGE WOMAN.

OUR next scene opens in a Western city. The country is passing through one of those crises peculiar to us as a nation, and which has induced many a foreign traveler to believe that we were on the eve of some great revolution.

Party spirit ran high. Huge posters met the eye at every corner; one announcing the important fact, that if John Jones *wasn't* elected, the whole country would be plunged into irretrievable ruin; the other, that the same disastrous consequences would follow if John Jones *was* elected.

In the meantime, John Jones *will* be elected, and John Smith *won't*, or vice versa, and, undisturbed by either event, the country will march triumphantly on to the "manifest destiny" that awaits it.

Our foreign visitor will open his eyes, to see the storm so suddenly subside. From the defeated party, there will be the usual "talk talking" about "fraud," "bribery," and "investigating committees;" but the people will accept, as final, the voice of the people.

One placard attracted universal attention. It announced that Mark Fielding, the "Honest Lawyer," the "Poor Man's Advocate," would address the citizens of D— that evening, on one of the great questions of the day.

A coarse-looking, tawdry-dressed woman paused, whether attracted by the crowd that gathered around it, or the name which stood out in large characters.

She gazed at it attentively for a few moments, and then joined the steady stream that was surging toward the court-house, for it was now near the time announced.

The fame of the speaker had preceded him, and when one of the "receiving committee" stepped forward on the platform, and, hitching up his trousers with one hand, and motioning toward our hero with the other, delivered himself thus, "Fellers-citizens, permit me to interpose you the orator of the evening, Mark Fielding, Esquire," his concluding words were drowned in the storm of applause to which only Western lungs and limbs can give utterance.

Mark's eloquence was of the kind that goes straight to the popular heart, and he was just getting well warmed with his subject, when his attention was attracted to a woman in a remote corner of the room, who, rising slowly to her feet, stood regarding him with a peculiar intendment of expression.

Mark grew giddy; and for a moment that sea of upturned heads seemed like one huge billow, which bore him up to the roof.

Fortunately, the applause which followed every pause gave him time to recover himself.

When he looked again the woman was nowhere to be seen; and believing himself to be the victim of some hallucination, or accidental resemblance, he proceeded with his discourse, speaking briefly and to the point, as he had another appointment, and must take the next train to meet it.

The train which took Mark from the city had

been some minutes on its way, when the same woman, who paused to look at the poster, ascended the steps of the hotel where he stopped.

A man stood on the topmost step, with his hands in his pockets, his feet far apart, and his hat cocked on one side, after the usual fashion of the genuine Western landlord, who believes himself to be one of the tall feathers of the American eagle, and "don't care a darn for anybody."

He had attended the "speechifying," as he called it, and was full of public spirit, to say nothing of a spirit of another description.

"Want ter see Mark Fielding, eh? What do yer want ter see him fer?"

"That's my business."

"P'raps it's your business ter keep this yer hotel? But if 'tis, I don't know it, that's all."

"I say I must and will see him!"

"And I say it can't be did."

"What's the reason?"

"I'd told yer several weeks ago ef you'd given me a chance—'cause he ain't here?"

"Goin' ter speak next in W—, ain't he?"

Inquired a bystander.

"Yes. A cousin of his wife's lives thar. I reckon he'll stop with him."

"Wife! What wife?" cried the woman, with sudden vehemence.

"What wife? D'y'e s'pose the man has a dozen of 'em? He's married to a Boston lady; an' a sweet critter she is, by all accounts."

A curious glitter came into the woman's eyes as she said:

"Are you *sure* that Mark Fielding is married, an' to a Boston lady?"

"Wal I am. He married Lawyer Trapper's darter. I've got a brother livin' thar who knows the family well."

"An' there ain't no train to W— to-night?"

"Nary train ter-night."

At this the woman disappeared into the darkness.

The next morning she started for W—, arriving one train too late to find the object of her pursuit.

Thus she tracked him from town to town, and from city to city, like an avenging Nemesis—always behind, but never quite to him.

As she entered the New England States she lost trace of him altogether, and for a time was at a loss. Then, altering her course, she proceeded to Stockwell, which, having reached, she took her way on foot to the "Fielding House," holding tightly by the hand the sole companion of her journey, a little girl, apparently about eleven.

The sun was down when they left the village, but the moon had risen over the forest tops, giving a clear view of the road, which seemed to be perfectly familiar to the woman, and who strode on so rapidly that the child had to almost run to keep up with her.

She seemed to be a patient little thing, for though she must have been both hungry and weary, she uttered no complaint. Occasionally the woman's grasp of her hand tightened to painfulness; but though she looked up piteously to that dark, glowering face, she made no cry, as other children would have done.

She was too much used to the moods and "tantrums" to which this strange woman was subject, and which often led her to shower blows and curses on everything that came in her way, to risk attracting her attention.

The excitement under which the woman was laboring seemed to increase as she proceeded; she muttered, laughed, gesticulated, and seemed like one temporarily bereft of her senses.

As they reached the brow of a hill, she paused, and looked around, glancing at the "farmhouse" down in the valley, nestling among 'is green shrubbery, and then upon the "house," gleaming out whitely beneath the bright moonlight from the broad belt of stately trees that surrounded it.

But all this tranquil loveliness served but to lash into still greater fury the storm that raged within.

"Curses, curses on them all!" she cried, fiercely, shaking her clinched hand above her head.

Amid all this violence of gesture she had not once relinquished the child's hand.

"Oh, mamma, don't! you hurt me!" she moaned, struggling to release her hand from the vice-like fingers that held it.

The woman had been so absorbed in her feelings as to be quite unconscious of the child's presence. Suddenly recalled to its knowledge, she tossed the hand from her, causing so violent a recoil that the girl tumbled backward upon the grass, where she sat, looking ruefully at the marks on her little fingers.

The mother took a seat on a stone near by, looking at her, but not as any other mother would have looked at the forlorn, neglected little creature.

"Come here."

The child tremblingly obeyed, cowering in anticipation of the blow that usually awaited her.

"Now look me straight in the eye, and don't forget a word I say to you, or you'll be sorry. Your name is Nelly Fielding, and you are nine years old. Do you understand?"

"Y—e—s."

"Say it over after me, then. 'My name is Nelly Fielding, and I'm nine years old.'"

"My name is Nelly Fielding, and I'm nine years old."

"Now, mind that you're to say that whenever you're asked, an' don't you stammer over it that way, either!"

THERE are at present three hundred German newspapers or periodicals of various kinds in the United States, exclusive of journals such as the *Agriculturist*, which, though appearing in English, publish an edition at the same time in the German language.

#### NEWS BREVITIES.

CONGRESS has been reconstructing Georgia over again.

BUFFALO calves in Leavenworth, Kansas, are worth fifty dollars.

MANY farms in Monmouth County, N. J., are advertised for sale.

THE North Carolina Legislature has adjourned over to January 10.

FIFTY miles of the California and Oregon Railroad have been completed.

THERE are forty-two males and forty females in the Iowa State Blind Asylum.

KEYPORT, N. J., is making great preparations for building in the spring.

UNITED STATES Five-Twenties of 1882 are quoted in London at eighty-six.

THE little Duke of Genoa don't want the bauble Spain—so his mother insists.

THE New Jerusalem Church, in Waltham, Mass., was recently destroyed by fire.

TOM ALLEN has accepted Joe Coburn's challenge to fight for ten thousand dollars.

THE Supreme Court of the United States has taken a recess until the 28th of January.

A LARGE meteor fell near Milwaukee recently. Analyzed it was found to be scoriated.

A CHICAGO restaurant-keeper has found the well-preserved head of a Chinaman in a chest of tea.

SNOW lies four inches deep in Cheyenne and Montana. The Pacific Railroad is still uninterrupted.

THE workmen in the navy yards were paid their wages in anticipation of Christmas and New Year's Day.

NEW JERSEY has 131,027 Sunday-school scholars, who contribute an average of one dollar each per year.

A CALL has been issued for a Woman's Suffrage Convention to meet in San Francisco on the 26th of January.

THE Governor of Minnesota has spoken to General Hancock about sending troops to quiet the settlements at Pembina.

DAVID ECKERSON, Jr., convicted of murdering Peter Stokum, at Pascack, N. J., has been sentenced to twenty years in the State Prison.

A NEW oil excitement is going on at Middleton's Run, Pa. One man has sold a quarter interest in four hundred acres for \$100,000.

THE docket of the Circuit Court in Indianapolis contains fifty-five cases of divorce, seven for slander, three for libel and two for seduction.

A PROJECT for establishing additional steam communication between the Penobscot River and Boston is receiving good encouragement on the river.

THE officers and crew of the Cuban privateer Lilián arrived recently in Savannah. A subscription was gotten up by the citizens to send them home.

THE Texas Legislature is—Senators 13 Republicans, 14 Conservatives, and 1 to hear from; House, 36 Republicans, 45 Conservatives, and 9 to hear from.

A HARTFORD life insurance company recently received an application from a Philadelphian for a life policy of \$100,000, the annual premium of which is \$7,000.

IMMENSE droves of cattle are already in motion in Kansas going northward, the laws of Kansas permitting the passage of Texas cattle from December 1 to March 1.

THE Young Men's Christian Association of Chicago, have agreed to discuss, at their next meeting, a proposition to strike out the word male from their Constitution.

THE United States Supreme Court has decided that a State Legislature has no power to repeal a law granting exemption to an incorporated society from State taxation.

A FEW days ago, Margaret Rien, a young married woman of Albany, fell from a balcony a distance of twenty-nine feet and fractured her skull. She died in a few hours.

THE temperance people of Stonington, Conn., have appointed a committee to circulate a petition for signatures, inviting all liquor dealers to cease selling adulterated liquors.

FIVE and a half acres of land have been purchased by the Newark (N. J.) Aqueduct Board on South Orange avenue, for the erection of a reservoir for the supply of "the hill."

JESSE THORN, of Trenton, N. J., while riding a few days since across the New Jersey Railroad, was struck by a locomotive and fatally injured. His horse was instantly killed.

HARVEY FRANK, a German, employed in the Somerville, Mass., Bleachery, died recently from the effects of drinking from a glass which contained the remains of an arsenic coloring.

LEADING citizens of San Francisco agree that municipal reform is absolutely necessary, but they generally decide against the interference of the Legislature in municipal affairs.

THERE is a proposal on the tapis to fund the outstanding debt of the Erie Canal, as a means of securing cheap transportation and eventually of making the canals of New York free to navigation.

THE Minister of the Argentine Republic in Washington is about to issue proposals for lumber for the construction of the Public Industrial Exhibition which is to take place in Cordova, Oct. 15, 1870.

THE floor of the Westminster Presbyterian Church, Chicago, gave way a few days ago, just before the sermon began, falling about five feet, with a large congregation. No panic followed, and the audience was dismissed in good order.

A REPORT has been made to the Boston Board of Aldermen in favor of the extension of Washington street through to Haymarket square, and for the raising of Suffolk street. Estimated cost, two million three hundred thousand dollars.

THE Boston Social Science Association proposed on Sunday evening that the girls should be taught sewing and domestic work in public schools, and that a place for reading and amusement should be established for young workingwomen.

THE Committee of the Boston City Government, to whom the subject of a public park was committed, have reported, requesting the Mayor to petition the Legislature for an act giving the power to take such territory as may be necessary.



### THE LATE EDWIN M. STANTON, EX-SECRETARY OF WAR.

THE Hon. Edwin M. Stanton, ex-Secretary of War, died at his residence in Washington, D.C., on Friday morning, December 24th. His health had been quite impaired of late, and he had but recently returned to the National Capital from a season of rest. On Thursday, Surgeon-General Barnes detected symptoms of congestion of the heart, but it was too late to render assistance on account of Mr. Stanton's feebleness.

Few men identified with our late rebellion became so famous as the late ex-Secretary of War. His strong will and energy were constantly being tested, and his record shows indomitable courage and vigor.

He was born in Steubenville, O., about the time of the end of the last war with England. His father was a physician of some eminence, and had practiced successfully in his native State, North Carolina. Young Stanton received an academical education in his native city, and studied law under the Hon. Benjamin Tappan, an eminent jurist. He rose rapidly in his profession until about the year 1847, when he removed to Pittsburgh, Pa. In the winter of 1857-8, Stanton was selected by President Buchanan to manage a case of interest in California on behalf of the Government. On his return he commenced practicing in the United States Supreme Court at Washington, and was one of the counsel in the Sickles trial. His first appearance in politics was in 1860, when he succeeded Judge Black as Attorney-General under Buchanan. During the few weeks he held this position he urged, with characteristic earnestness, the necessity of reinforcing Fort Sumter. On the 13th of January, 1862, he was appointed Secretary of War in place of Cameron, a position he held for a period of five years. He was nominated lately by President Grant for Associate Judge of the Supreme Court, and was promptly confirmed by the Senate. His name is one of the most remarkable of the thousands that figured before the American public for the last ten years.

### FROM THE CITY TO THE COUNTRY.

A SLIGHT ride on a holiday, behind a trusty and a rapid span of roadsters, from the confined avenues of the city, where the snow soon becomes a horrible slush, mixed with mud, to the broad, open, breezy country, where the newly-fallen flakes harden until the road becomes level and rutless, is a pleasure one can but rarely enjoy even in our forty degrees of north latitude. But when superadded to this exciting pleasure is the visit to the "Old Folks at Home"—to the dear, plain, quiet and quaint dwelling where the happiest days of our life were passed—the joy becomes ecstatic. We forget our city cares, our petty



THE LATE EDWIN M. STANTON, EX-SECRETARY OF WAR.

struggles in the great human hive; forget that we are what we are, and for a brief hour "live o'er again" the olden time.

What a rollicking season we will make of it, rejoicing with the little ones—boy and girl and baby!—and, at times, tenderly caressing

those who, having fought the good fight, rest in peace at home, happy in the thought that their descendants forget them not in the city, and when snow comes, will meet them once again in—even in mid-winter—the beautiful country.

### THE PROPOSED DARIEN SHIP CANAL.

THE Government is determined to commence this work at once, and preparations are being made to prosecute it with vigor.

In accordance with the terms of the treaty, the expense of surveys and location, as well as the construction of the canal, are to be borne by the United States. In consideration of which, our Government is to have exclusive control of the canal. It is said that an effort has been made of late by England to get some concessions out of the Colombian Government, whereby the English would be entitled to certain privileges similar to those enjoyed by the United States; but the terms of the Darien Ship Canal Treaty are such that no such proposition could be entertained by the Government of Colombia.

It is the determination of our Government to have sole control of the canal, and it is expected that considerable progress will be made this winter toward completing the surveys and commencing the work of excavation.

### A NIGHT JOURNEY IN ITALY.

If any one desires to know how strange and picturesque a night journey may be, even to making up for a considerable amount of discomfort, let him come by the night train from Naples to Ancona, and do the omnibus ride between San Spirito and Starza, which breaks the journey, and he will have his desire gratified to the full. The company ought to advertise it as a "special attraction." You get to San Spirito at one, and then passengers and baggage are all put into or on to omnibuses, to cross some seven or eight miles of country, under which the great Apennine tunnel is being completed. If you are wise, you will shake off your sleep and go to the top of one of the "buses." There are from ten to fifteen of them, dragged by teams varying from three to seven horses, with the queerest drivers and postillions. Most of the "buses" had a big lamp on the top, another at the side, and an irregular furniture of flaring torches all about.

Then there were outriders blowing horns that made night hideous with discord, and brandishing torches; and amateur men and boys also with torches; and all rushed hither and thither, and great blazing bits kept coming off the torches and falling in the road, for the "buses" to drive over, which they did, without a moment's hesitation.

We struggled in this fashion up hills and down gullies, and rumbled over strange temporary timber bridges; and above us, on the hills, or underneath us, through the skeleton beams, were parties of people working by torches, or clustered round the mouths of the tunnel shafts, or winding up the hillsides in files with lanterns; or there were great fires by the roadside that sent our gigantic shadows far out into the distance as we went by them.



ROMA.—OPENING OF THE SUEZ CANAL.—THE ENGLISH REGENTS AS THEY APPEARED AT ISMAIYA, SEATED ON A CAMEL.—SEE PAGE 279.







**IRON IN THE ORNAMENTED ARTS.**—Iron would become an important material in ornamental arts if it could have imparted to it a surface pleasing to the eye, and durable. We could decorate our dwellings with figures and vases as beautiful in design as the famous bronzes of France, and cheaper than their zinc imitations that tempt the pockets of Parisian visitors. But iron, unless it is painted, wears a gloomy complexion, and to paint is to spoil the delicacy of a casting. Let us, then, hope that there is soundness in the assertion of a continental chemist, who says that, by dipping iron articles into melted sulphur, mixed with lamp-black, they assume a bronze-like surface, which is very durable, takes a fine polish, and resists corrosion by dilute acids. Our iron-founders can cast small things exquisitely; a means of giving them a presentable exterior ought to open a new and desirable branch of art-industry. Of course, there will be plenty of clamor against iron ornaments on the score of their small intrinsic value. There are folks who snub zinc-bronzes; they forget that what is bought in a figure is form, and that both zinc and brass are cast from the same patterns. If valueless clay can be fashioned by the potter into costly shapes, why should not iron, passing through the hands of the founder, become valuable by the impress that is put upon it?

**FOOD ABSTINENCE.**—The Welsh fasting girl, who was first thought to be a prodigy, but subsequently something more than suspected of being an impostor, has had predecessors, whose capabilities of existing without food have been genuine and not feigned. There was of old, one Samuel Clinton, of Timbury, near Bath, who often slept for a month at a stretch, of course fasting; and once he dozed from April to August. He awoke suddenly several times during this long nap, but fell asleep again before food could be administered. Another case was that of Euphemia Lindsay, of Forfarshire; she slept eight weeks, taking nothing but a few drops of water. Most wonderful of all, however, was Angelica Vilos, of Delft: she was insensible from 1822 to 1828, six years at least, and only took the most minute quantities of tea, whey, and water, at intervals. No doubt man could exist for a long period without sustenance, provided he did nothing; once let him work, and his analogy to the steam engine will forcibly present itself in his want of fuel. Shipwrecked mariners and buried miners have survived for many days without nourishment; and is there not a story of a prisoner in the Tower of London, who gained a free pardon by abstaining from food and drink for six weeks?

THERE were 42,331 volumes added to the library of the British Museum last year, and the increase in the present year is estimated at 50,000 volumes. The larger part of these books were obtained by purchase; less than a thousand volumes were presented, and over six thousand works were received under the copyright laws of Great Britain, which direct that every author shall deposit a copy of his book as soon as it is published. A total of 5,773 articles were received in the department not included in the foregoing enumeration of volumes and parts of volumes, consisting of play-bills, single pieces of music, broadsides, songs, ballads and other miscellaneous items, giving a grand total of 81,507 articles received during 1868 in the department.

#### HERMANN.

As the holidays are now upon us, our younger readers, as well as no scanty number of our older ones, who have not entirely outlived their love of the marvelous, are, doubtless, rejoiced to hear that the greatest of necromantic illusionists, Hermann, has revisited us. Totally recovered from the severe illness which threatened us with his absence from the boards for some time, he reappeared at the Academy of Music, after a brief tour through the larger cities between New York and Washington. It would, of course, be needless to say that his reappearance was a success. Repetition can by no means "stale" him, or render him less attractive. Dispensing with all the visible appliances of machinery, he is constantly new and wonderful, while the simplicity of his means of doing the apparent miracles he performs, renders them more startling. But we would warn our young friends that Hermann is, like the rest of mankind, singularly ungrateful. Having made enough money, he calculates upon quitting his profession after his proposed visit to California comes to an end. With a thorough scorn for their desire that he should continue, for their amusement, and that of their children and grandchildren, playing the bewildering tricks upon their eyes which he has been accustomed to, he is determined, after next summer, to sit down in "the shadow of his own fig-tree," and enjoy the *doisie air nientie*. We, consequently, advise none to lose the chance, before he fulfills this wretched determination, of seeing once more the greatest prestidigitateur we have ever had upon this Continent.

#### THE WATCH TRADE.

#### HOW WATCHES ARE SOLD—INGENUOUS SWINDLES—ADVICE TO BUYERS.

Not one purchaser in ten knows enough about the mysterious little packages of wheels and springs constituting the "movement" of a watch to tell whether it is dear at two dollars or cheap at two hundred—whether it will come to a total and untimely stop within a week, or will register with unfailing accuracy the flying seconds of a lifetime. And in this deceptive day of cunning counterfeits and ingenious imitations, it is hard for any one save an "expert" to distinguish a watch-case of eighteen-carat gold from a circular box of villainous brass, adroitly "washed" or gilded and shrewdly designated by some sounding and pretentious title. Hence it happens, as in all trades where the knowledge is exclusively on the seller's side, that there is excellent opportunity for fraud

in selling watches; and even the most scrupulous among the nine thousand honest watch-vendors in the United States are constantly tempted to enhance their profits by a little quiet and strictly legal swindling; while the nine hundred knaves, more or less, who reap a rich harvest as dealers in "bogus" watches may be safely set down as the most unprincipled rascals.

When all the thousands of pocket time-pieces used in the United States were the product of European handicraft, the general public in this country had but little means of judging, by trade-marks or otherwise, as to the value of a watch; and in those days the trade presented the finest of fields for following the canny Scotchman's paternal injunction, "Mak stiler, Jock, honestly if you can, but mak stiler!" Twenty years ago, in fact, there was no standard whatever for the guidance of watch-buyers, and they were consequently compelled to rely entirely on the honesty of the seller. That excellent individual, if he had a reputation to sustain, would not, of course, deceive as to the quality of his goods, but his integrity rarely restrained him, even under the most favorable circumstances, from pocketing a profit as heavy as his confiding customer could be conveniently induced to pay. Even now the London watch-vender is not satisfied with a profit of less than one hundred per cent., but in this country a remarkable revolution has been wrought in the trade by the manufacturers of American watches, and especially by that indomitable and enterprising company whose four-acre factory at Waltham is one of the most extraordinary and magnificent industrial establishments in the world. It has been the plan of this company from the outset to employ the most perfect machinery, to adopt every valuable improvement, and to use distinct and unvarying trade-marks, and thus to make watches of such cheapness and excellence as to create at once a wide and merited reputation and a popular demand for their manufactures. By the introduction of this system, and the sale of four hundred thousand Waltham watches, the people have been furnished with a standard of quality and price that has completely revolutionized the trade. And many a dealer looks back with envious regret to those halcyon days when Swiss and English watches ruled the market, and the public had not been educated even in the cities, much less in the rural districts, up to the point where it becomes difficult for any one to get rich in a hurry by the retailing of watches, unless the business can be done on the largest scale.

Nobody who makes a living wholly or in part by selling watches could be rationally expected to relish such a change as this. Nevertheless, it is by no means an unmitigated evil, even to the dealer. For the American watch "sells itself," as it were, so excellent is its name; and the very fact that a jeweler keeps it for sale, tends to enhance his own reputation, besides attracting purchasers for other articles. Moreover, American watches are not only sold without waste of time in convincing purchasers of their value, but they are sold in greater numbers, and ten dollars profit on each of twenty American time-pieces is certainly better than a gain of twenty-five dollars apiece on half a dozen doubtful European watches, to say nothing of that patriotic pride in native manufactures which ought to influence every one to a certain extent, even in matters of dollars and cents. At any rate, even admitting that the new phase of the trade, involuntarily brought about by the manufacture of American watches, is, on the whole, peculiarly disadvantageous to the dealer, it is very obvious that the individual buyer must greatly profit by the change. Furthermore, the revolution in the legitimate watch trade has been greatly hastened during the last twelve months by Howard & Co., of this city, and by other enterprising and sagacious firms in New York and the larger Western cities, who have been retailing Waltham watches from Maine to Oregon, by mail or express, C. O. D., with a liberality and a success which tend to still further reduce the profits of the retailer, and must certainly go far toward placing the watch-buying public in the most advantageous of positions. This plan of doing business is very plainly *pro bono publico*, but it seems so obviously injurious to the great majority of watch dealers, that bitter complaint has been made against it, and there have even been legal attempts to compel its discontinuance. It must be admitted, however, that if any honest and capable man chooses to undertake the precarious and expensive task of building up a great business on this plan, he has a perfect right to do so. Besides, the greater his success, the more thoroughly will the reputation of the watch he sells become extended and established, especially in the remote parts of the country, where honest jewelers are scarce, and where the "bogus" dealers have hitherto mainly monopolized the field. The ordinary purchaser in village and town, or other thickly settled district, would usually prefer to buy his Waltham watch of some friendly and responsible jeweler in his own vicinity, even at a little extra cost; but the "dwellers in a distant place," who have accumulated certain honest dollars wherewith to indulge himself in the luxury and dignity of carrying a watch—whether he be a lumberman in the woods of Maine or a freedman among the swamps of Louisiana, a settler on the prairies of Kansas, or a wanderer through the wilds of Colorado—may be safely recommended to send his order to Howard & Co., of No. 619 Broadway, to Fuller & Co., of No. 25 John street, or to some other reliable retailer of Waltham watches on the C. O. D. plan.

It might naturally be supposed that so delicate and valuable a piece of machinery as a watch would run the most imminent risk of being injured, miscarried, or stolen outright, if sent by mail or express to any great distance; but the business has been reduced to such a perfect system, as to make accident or loss to the buyer practically impossible. Howard & Co.'s liberal advertising throughout the United States has produced a harvest of orders for Waltham watches, amounting, during the past year, to more than two thousand, and during the last few months to a daily average of over twenty. Each of these is promptly filled, and recorded, not only in a book, but on a special "watch order," or card, which indicates, by the color of the ink, whether or not the watch was paid for in advance, and shows not only the number of the movement, the name of the purchaser, and the price of the watch, but also who put it up, who charged, who examined, who packed, and who shipped it, and who filed the receipt. The watches are carefully packed in small tin boxes, and each one is partly wound up and then prevented from running down during the journey by the insertion in the balance-wheel of a slender, pointed slip of paper, which is not only inscribed with the printed direction, "Draw this out carefully," but is even punctured with a little hole in which to insert a pin for the purpose of removing it. If the watch is paid for when ordered, the express or registered-letter charges are defrayed by the firm who send it; but if the buyer wishes to examine his purchase before paying for it, the watch is sent by express, C. O. D. (collect on delivery), and in this case the buyer pays all the charges, both on the watch and for the sending of the money by express to the seller. In every instance, if the watch does not prove satisfactory, it may be returned at once, and if it has been paid for, the money will be refunded. In case a watch is lost or stolen on the way, an accident which has

rarely or never happened, the buyer suffers no loss, for another watch is promptly forwarded, while the seller looks to the express company for his own indemnification.

The popularity and excellence of the Waltham watch have produced any amount of ingenious trickery and counterfeiting on the part of outside dealers and manufacturers—in Europe as well as in this country. Some parties sell Waltham movements in worthless cases, or mix genuine Waltham watches with wretched Swiss ones, and sell them all at Waltham prices. Another particularly sharp trick consists in buying the genuine watch and substituting a miserable Swiss expansion balance, worth 15 cents, for the Waltham-made balance, which costs \$2.50. This little dodge is difficult of detection, and adds over two dollars to the profits on each watch.

But the most annoying, injurious and contemptible trickery lies in the fraudulent imitation of the Waltham trademarks. Every genuine Waltham watch is inscribed, "Waltham, Mass.," and bears, on the plate of the movement, one of the following marks:

"Wm. Ellery."  
"P. S. Bartlett."  
"Waltham Watch Co."  
"Appleton, Tracy & Co."  
"American Watch Co."  
"Am'n Watch Co."

Some swindlers sell cheap watches marked "P. T. Bartlett, Waltham," or "P. S. Bartlett, Waltham," or "Wm. Ellery, Waltham," or inscribed with some other equally colorful and fraudulent imitation of the genuine Waltham mark. And certain audacious rascals in Canada, safely trusting to the cost and difficulty of litigation across the border, have actually palmed off many inferior watches in which the Waltham trademarks were exactly counterfeited! It is usually the European maker who puts on these fraudulent marks, by direction of the American swindler; and it is much to be desired that a law may soon be passed authorizing the seizure and destruction at the Custom-House of all watches and other articles in which American trademarks are fraudulently copied or imitated. In the meantime, individual buyers of American watches must protect themselves by carefully examining the trademarks, and especially by demanding the printed guarantee, which the manufacturers furnish with every watch, and the absence of which may be safely regarded as proof positive of intended imposition.

Such seductive American trademarks as "Philadelphia Watch Co.," who are simply importers of Swiss watches, "Massachusetts Watch Co.," "Union Watch Co.," "Great Western Watch Co.," and "Chicago Watch Co.," are a snare and a delusion, for these organizations are either entirely mythical, or, at best, have no distinct or worthy the name of company, or meriting a particle of confidence. But the most successful watch swindlers now-a-days are the dealers in "imitation gold" watches, which are generally "oroid" in name, "genuine" or "improved," as the case may be, but are invariably brass in reality, and very poor brass at that! The stock in their stores is a curious mixture of cheap movements and still cheaper cases, nine-tenths of which are dear at any price, while the very best of them will rarely run or keep their color six months. Three of these "oroid" watches were lately purchased and examined, for the express purpose of finding out positively what they were. Two of them were bought at retail of a noted Broadway dealer, by whom they were duly guaranteed to be "improved oroid," and warranted to keep time accurately. Fifteen dollars and twenty dollars were paid for these respectively, while the third was bought of a jobber in cheap watches for only five dollars. The careful examination of experienced watchmakers showed that the movement in the five-dollar watch was the best of the three—and even that was not worth much; while the practical assayer to whom the cases were submitted pronounced them to be "nothing but poor brass," with a trace of copper to make them redder, and a little antimony in the five-dollar case to enable it to resist acid.

In truth, there is no doubt whatever that those "imitation" gold watches are wretched humbugs, bought of certain wholesale dealers in Maiden Lane, who import them by the hundred dozen, and make large fortunes by selling them to retail dealers. How anything as all in the shape of a watch and movement can be sold so cheaply may seem a mystery, but it is easily explained by the fact that when watches are manufactured by hand, as they are in Switzerland, not more than three-fourths of the pieces can be fitted together into really good watches. But these are sold for enough to cover all expenses, and make a handsome profit beside, so that the refuse pieces can be made into cheap watches of two or three grades, and advantageously sold for a trifle more than the mere cost of hastily putting them together. In France and England there are severe restrictions on the importation and sale of these shams, but in free America these swindles have free course to run and be glorified, and honest men must even watch and pray, "From all such trickery, good Lord deliver us!"

In conclusion, it is only just to say that if a watch buyer has an aristocratic penchant for European manufactures, and can afford to pay \$100 or \$200 to gratify that choice, he will not do amiss if he goes to Hall, Black & Co., or to Gray & Co., or to Maguin, Guerin & Co., or to Squibb & London, or to any other reputable house, and buys a Jungeon or a Nardin, or a Frodeham, or some other equally celebrated trans-Atlantic time-keeper, although he can get a first-class stem-winding Waltham gold watch for less money. On the other hand, if the buyer has a sensible and patriotic preference for watches manufactured in this country, he will find that good ones are made by the National Watch Co. of Elgin, Ill., by the United States Watch Co. of Marion, N. J., and by E. Howard & Co. of Boston; but if he wishes to get the best watch for the least money, at the smallest risk, let him send his order to some reliable retailer, or, better still, go in person to the nearest possessor of a genuine American watch of such style and price as best suits his fancy and his purse. Above all things, let him buy an honest gold or silver watch, and leave all imitations severely alone.

A STRANGER attended Grace Church, in Providence, some time ago, and at the close of the service was overheard asking another man what the letters "I. N. R. L." meant. The reply of the man was that he didn't know, but he "guessed it stood for *In Rhode Island*."

If people who suffer from the dull stupidity that meets us everywhere in spring, and too often in all seasons of the year, knew how quick it could be cured by taking **AYER'S SARSAPARILLA** to purge the bile from their systems, we should have better neighbors as well as clearer heads to deal with.

**MOORE'S RURAL NEW YORKER** for December 25 contains a splendid full-page engraving of the Prize Fowls at the recent State Poultry Show—the best poultry picture ever given in an American newspaper. Also, a magnificent Christmas Picture, and other fine illustrations. For sale by all newsdealers, price 8 cents. See advertisement of **RURAL** in this paper.

**FACTS FOR THE LADIES.**—I learned the use of my Wheeler & Wilson Machine without personal instruction. It has been used nearly twelve years, without repairs, by myself and seamstresses, doing my family sewing, estimated at \$300 annually, and bids fair to do as good service for a lifetime. My needles are never broken, but really worn up too short for use. The actual value of my machine cannot be estimated commercially, nor expressed in words. Those only can properly appreciate it who have attempted family sewing by hand.

New York.

MRS. M. F. WOODS.

**INTERESTING TO LADIES.**—It is now more than nine years since I purchased a Grover & Baker Sewing Machine. It has been in constant use for my family sewing ever since, and has done several thousand dollars' worth of work on heavy woollens besides. It has never been out of order, nor cost one cent for repairs since it became a "member of our family." We consider it truly "our household friend." Mrs. Wm. H. STEWART.  
No. 726 N. Sixteenth street, Philadelphia.

## A HUMBUG

Has long legs; won't stand still long. DR. WOLCOTT occupies the same business he did ten years ago, and stops pain, free of cost, with his PAIN PAINT, at 181 Chatham Square, New York. Sold at all drug stores.

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Ladies' and Gentlemen's French Boots and Shoes, 349 Fourth Avenue, New York. Special attention given to custom work. 745-52

**WATCH SWINDLES.** Humbug Music-Boxes. Bogus Money. Four columns of "Ventilations" in the "STAR SPANGLED BANNER."

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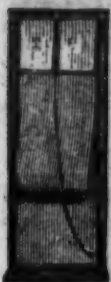
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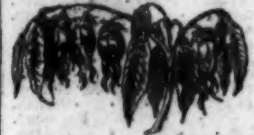
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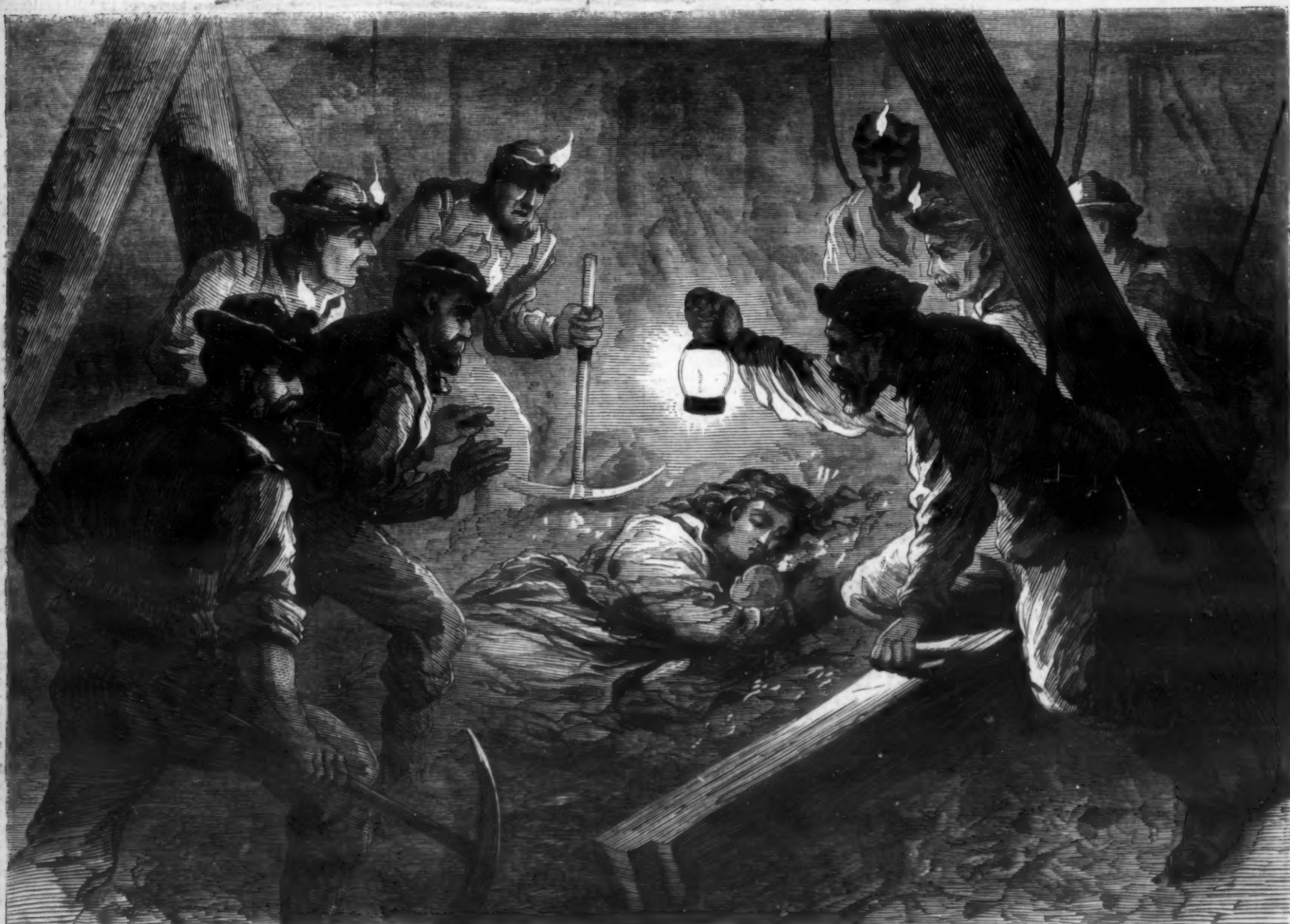


# SUPPLEMENT TO FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

PRESENTED GRATUITOUSLY WITH NO. 745 OF FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.



PENNSYLVANIA.—THE STOCKTON (CARBON COUNTY) MINE DISASTER—CAVING IN OF MINE NUMBER ONE, AT 5 A.M., SATURDAY, DECEMBER 18, 1869.—SEE PAGE 291.



PENNSYLVANIA.—THE STOCKTON MINE CALAMITY—FINDING AND TAKING UP THE BODIES OF MISS SWANK AND INFANT BROTHER, AT 8 P.M., SUNDAY, DECEMBER 19, 1869.—SEE PAGE 291.



## HANDS.

Jeweled hands, so soft and white  
Dimpling round the coins of gold,  
Holding friendship's clasp so slight  
That the pressure soon grows cold.

Busy hands, that ceaseless toil,  
Feeling ne'er a love-caress,  
Shrinking not from labor's soil  
With a pretty daintiness.

Weary hands, that trembling droop  
Only to be raised again,  
While the aching head must stoop  
With a prayer for ease from pain.

Quiet hands, that calmly lie  
Folded in a lengthened rest,  
Catching not the hours that fly  
Ere the sun sinks in the west.

Idle hands, ye feebly hold  
Slipken clues to pliancy fair!  
Busy hands, ye search full bold  
In work's conquered lion's lair.

Quiet hands, a rare repose  
Chains ye with its perfect spell;  
Ye have touched a thousand woes  
Olive boughs to grasp as well.

## ETHEL'S NEW YEAR RESOLVES.

NEW YEAR'S DAY—clear, cold, and jubilant. The first morning bell had just sounded in the hall below, and the first breath of the newly-kindled fire was just issuing from the registers, yet Ethel Forrester—usually the most sleepy-headed of maidens, who had received more scoldings on account of her naughty habit of coming down late to breakfast than because of all the other shortcomings and misdemeanors of her life—was this morning up and dressed half an hour before breakfast-time, standing by her chamber-window, though the prospect therefrom at present consisted of nothing more interesting than the milkman's wagon, with the milkman himself chatting over the area-gate with an invisible female below.

Yet, had Niagara itself been visible from that window, it is doubtful whether it would at this moment have possessed any greater attraction to Ethel than did the milkman's wagon; though her eyes were upon the scene below, her thoughts were far away, and from the melancholy, dejected look worn by that pretty face, it was also evident that upon whatever subject her mind might now be dwelling, it was not to her a pleasant one. Her looks did not belie her; Ethel Forrester, this bright, pleasant New Year's morning, was feeling most particularly dull and unhappy.

When it is known that Ethel was the only daughter of wealthy, affectionate parents, the petted idol of six stalwart bachelor brothers, and, in addition to these extraneous blessings, possessed the no less enviable ones of youth, health and beauty, it will promptly be surmised by the least penetrating reader that the only possible cause for melancholy, in her case, must have been a love affair, with current running customarily awry. The surmise would be a correct one. It was upon a lover—a possible if not a declared one—that pretty Ethel's thoughts were this morning bent, and, as I affect no mysteries, her little romance may be briefly told as follows:

Upon the tenth day of the past July, Ethel's eighteenth birthday had been duly celebrated by a grand party, given by her indulgent parents to commemorate the occasion. That occasion, however, was made memorable to Ethel by what she considered a far more important event. Upon that evening she formed the acquaintance of her brother Louis's college friend, Max Fielding, a gentleman boasting six feet of stature, a remarkably handsome face, and an intellect so tremendous as—according to Louis's account—to give no other fellow in his class a shadow of a chance.

Whether it was the good looks, or the learning, or the marked admiration for herself which the gentleman betrayed from the first moment of their introduction, that took captive little Ethel's fancy, it would, perhaps, be hard to say, but certain it is that, having danced with Mr. Fielding during the evening as many times as the law allowed, talked with him rather beyond the bounds of legal authority, and listened well pleased to so many compliments from him as quite sufficed to turn her pretty head, Ethel went to her bed upon that eighteenth birthday so firm in her conviction of Mr. Max Fielding's adorable qualities, that she was already upon the verge of belief that if he might not be her own proper prince, her only remaining alternative would be to die a spinster.

This belief the events of the ensuing six months tended strongly to confirm. Mr. Fielding, apparently no less pleased with his friend Louis's pretty sister than she was with him, lost no opportunity of evincing his sentiments—so far, at least, as actions could evince them, for thus far no word had fallen from his lips which could give to Ethel the only proof of being beloved which should possess any weight with a prudent maiden. He visited her constantly, escorted her frequently to balls, parties, and other places of amusement, and upon all occasions sought, and seemed to enjoy, her society, with the air of one who believed he had a right to it; and not a shadow, a ripple of disturbance had marred the current of their love until this New Year's Eve, when there had arisen, most unexpectedly, a cloud upon the horizon, which seemed to poor little Ethel already to have blotted out the sunshine of her life.

They had met at an entertainment given at the house of a mutual friend, to which Ethel had been escorted by one of her brothers. There was a disappointment in this, to start with, for Ethel had been induced to believe, by some words let fall by Mr. Fielding upon their last meeting, that he intended to request the honor of her company upon this occasion him-

self; he had not done so, however, and, as has been said, Ethel was escorted to the party by her brother.

She had arrived at the conclusion that Mr. Fielding, by some unforeseen circumstance, had been obliged to relinquish his intention of going to the party, and his anticipated absence went far to neutralize any expectations of pleasure she might have formed for the occasion; these expectations, however, were by no means re-awakened when her surmises were falsified by the appearance of Mr. Fielding, accompanied by a lady, to whom he showed the most marked and affectionate attention.

The lady was a stranger, neither very young nor very pretty, but richly and tastefully dressed, making a very showy-looking and distinguished appearance. Ethel's heart grew heavy as she contemplated the pair—the gentleman all courtesy, the lady familiar and affectionate. No one seemed to know her, though Ethel, burning with uneasy curiosity, ventured many a timid question to those whom she thought would be able to enlighten her. Her hostess at length gave her a few scraps of information.

"Stylish-looking creature, isn't she? She is Miss Fortescue, the most accomplished person, I suppose, you can imagine; she draws and paints, understands five or six languages, plays and sings divinely, writes for the newspapers, and is the wittiest, most brilliant talker you ever heard. I will try to introduce you to her by-and-by, if we can find her disengaged long enough to give us an opportunity."

All of which added so much to the weight upon poor Ethel's heart, that she grew weary enough of the party long before the old year had been danced out, and quite longed for the time to come when she might with courtesy withdraw.

Later in the evening her hostess found opportunity to redeem her promise.

"Miss Forrester, Miss Fortescue; a dear young friend of mine, who wishes to be introduced to you; I am sure you will be mutually pleased with each other."

Then Mrs. Adams had glided away, and Ethel was left alone with the terribly accomplished one.

For some time the child dared scarcely open her lips, for fear of displaying her deficiencies in some manner before the wonderful woman; but the latter, without noticing her companion's timid silence (she was perhaps accustomed to such, when she was herself conversationally inclined), rattled on without hesitation, pouring forth such a flood of witty and learned remarks as fairly overwhelmed her unpretending companion. However, though Ethel laid no claim to such talents herself, she was quite clever enough to appreciate them in others, and soon, spite of her timidity and her heavy heart, she found herself listening, with amusement and admiration, to Miss Fortescue's *bon-mots*, and really enjoying the one-sided conversation not a little.

It was at this stage of affairs that Mr. Fielding was seen by both ladies to be approaching them. A single glance stole toward him from beneath Ethel's long dark lashes, which were afterward most persistently downcast while he remained near. Miss Fortescue manifested no such reserve, for, as her glance fell upon him, she broke off a neatly-turned sentence with a brief apology, crying:

"There is Max at last, the good-for-nothing! I told him he should not leave my side this evening, yet you see how he has obeyed me." Then, rising as the gentleman approached, "My dearest Max, what do you not deserve for having deserted me so shamelessly? I have been looking for you anxiously for the past fifteen minutes, and am now more than ready to go home. You know I told you, when you urged me to come, that I would not remain late."

She had already taken his arm, bowed her adieux to Ethel, and seemed anxious to be gone. Mr. Fielding appeared rather disposed to linger a little for a chat with Ethel, this being the first opportunity he had found for speaking with her during the evening; but Ethel's eyes were resolutely downcast, her tongue most perversely silent; so, yielding half-reluctantly to his companion's impatience, Mr. Fielding also made his bow, and the twain departed.

The remaining hours of that New Year party were very heavy ones to our little heroine; with the memory of that "My dearest Ethel!" still sounding in her ears, amusement had lost its charm, and the pleasantest moment of the evening, to her, was that in which she heard her entertainer's door close behind her.

At home and in bed at last, but not to sleep; from side to side upon her pillow tossed her weary head, and she welcomed the return of day as, in all her healthy, happy life, she had never welcomed it before. And now, this New Year's morning, standing, weary and unrefreshed, by her chamber-window, she tried to realize and accept in the sober light of day the sad change which had come upon her prospects. The feverish fancies of the night, among which consumption, suicide and immolation in a nunnery were the most prominent, were banished now; but there remained before her, unsoftened and unsoftenable, the sad, stern fact that the man she loved, her one possible prince, was indifferent to her, and attached to, if not already appropriated by, another woman; the affectionate familiarity of so ladylike a person as Miss Fortescue was susceptible of no other interpretation.

There remained, then, to unhappy Ethel no more light, no more joyousness in life. The die was cast; her fate was determined; it was utterly impossible that she should ever care for another man as she had cared for Max Fielding; and with love withdrawn, what remains in life to a maiden of eighteen?

"Nothing whatever!" most maidens of eighteen would reply; but our Ethel was not only a very sensible little girl, but a conscientious one as well, and she could not forget that life had not been given to her for the purpose of mere selfish enjoyment. The blossoming

springtime of her life was gone, but a genial summer and a fruitful autumn might still remain; or, if they did not, she would, in all probability, be herself to blame.

"It is not his fault that he could not love me," she murmured, a quiet tear rolling down her cheek at the thought; "he is so learned, so talented himself, that it is no wonder he could find nothing to like in so ignorant a little thing as I am. I was very well to laugh and jest with, and to while away the playtime of his life; but when he desired to seek for a life-long companion, of course he turned to a woman of congenial mind, who could appreciate, if she could not love him better than I; Miss Fortescue, I suppose, is almost as wise and clever as he is himself; I heard some one say she was a perfect walking cyclopedia, and could give information upon any subject whatever. To be sure she has bad teeth and sandy hair, and is ever so much older than Max is; but then he is too superior to regard such trifles as matters of any consequence; it is mind he wants, cultivated intellect, and all that." And here a few more quiet tears were shed in view of her own deficiencies. "However"—plucking up a little womanly spirit in remembering the many pretty things Mr. Max had whispered in her ear—"I am not going to be so wicked as to pine and fret away my life, because God has seen fit to deny me the blessing I coveted most; if my heart may not hope to receive the food it craves, my intellect shall not also starve. I am only eighteen now, and I have a long, long lifetime before me, most likely; if I employ it wisely, I may, perhaps, be as learned a woman as Miss Fortescue when I am as old as she is. Then, perhaps, when I shall have done something famous, and all the world shall be admiring and wondering at me, Max may wonder and admire, too, and will admit to himself that the little girl he used to flirt and trifle with had more brains than he imagined."

This prospective celebrity grew more fascinating to Ethel the longer she contemplated it. It needed no inordinate self-esteem upon her part to assure her that she really was a very bright, intelligent girl, gifted with quick perceptions, a retentive mind, and, perhaps, some special endowments which cultivation might bring to light. She was, at all events, quite wise enough to know that her education thus far had done no justice to her possible development, and that the superficial, schoolgirl knowledge she had acquired through a course of fashionable schools was about as worthy of comparison with true knowledge as a fish-pond is with the Atlantic Ocean. The idea of self-culture grew upon her rapidly.

"It is New Year's Day," she said; "the best possible time to form good resolutions, and to turn over new leaves in one's book of life. I have several to make to-day"—a deep sigh—"and in after life I shall probably look back to the day I made them as to its turning-point."

The breakfast-bell interrupted her meditations when they had reached this stage, and Ethel took her heavy eyes and pale cheeks to the table with her, where the anxious solicitude and tender caresses of parents and brothers brought back in a measure the color to her cheeks and the light to her eyes, and made her, ere the meal was over, almost her usual merry self. You see, she was such an affectionate, good little thing, that when she found she could only make those who loved her happy by being happy herself, it came natural to her to try to cheer up, and return answering smiles to their anxious looks.

After breakfast, with as little delay as possible, she repaired to the library, which, upon this holiday, she felt very certain of having to herself; and, seated in a huge armchair in front of a huge table, she opened before her a small pocket-diary for the year just commencing, and under the date of January 1st made the following entry:

"Strictly Private.—I have this day made three very important resolutions, which I enter here, in order that they may be the more solemnly impressed upon my mind.

"Resolution I.—I will endeavor with all my power from this day forth to regard M. F. as a common acquaintance only, and never to think of him when I can possibly help it.

"Resolution II.—I will never marry; and I will never receive from any single gentleman, not a relative, attentions of any kind whatever.

"Resolution III.—I will from this day forth enter upon a course of reading and study such as shall tend to elevate and strengthen my mind, and I will hereafter make this pursuit the chief object of my life."

To these resolutions Ethel attached her name in full, with a vague idea that by so doing she increased to an indefinite extent their binding force; then, as the third resolution was the only one which seemed to admit of immediate action, she proceeded at once to carry it into force.

After due deliberation she took her first step in mental culture by the preparation of a paper which she headed, "Programme of Daily Exercises." As the paper itself was the fruit of long and severe effort, I will give it in full for the benefit of any of my young readers who, upon any future New Year's Day, may be disposed to exertions of a similar character:

"My hour of rising, throughout the year shall correspond with sunrise.

"The first hour to be devoted to toilet and religious duties.

"The second hour, exercise in the open air.

"The succeeding time until 10 A. M. to be passed in Social and Domestic Duties.

"From 10 to 11, Mathematics.

"From 11 to 12, Exercises in Composition.

"From 12 to 1, Latin.

"From 1 to 2, French.

"From 2 to 3, Dinner and Social Duties.

"From 3 to 4, Solid Reading.

"From 4 to 5, Music.

"From 5 to 6, Tea, and Social Duties.

"From 6 to 10, Light Reading."

From a perusal of this ambitious composition, it will be seen that our little Ethel possessed a most aspiring and comprehensive mind, and certainly could not be accused of aiming too low in her attempts to teach her young ideas how to shoot.

The programme composed and neatly copied, Ethel lost no time in putting it into operation. The religious duties had already been performed ere leaving her own apartment, and the domestic duties were found to require but a small portion of the allotted time for fulfillment. Real work commenced with the mathematical exercises, which were inaugurated by the production of an elementary algebra and a slate and pencil; but getting into some dilemma with vulgar fractions at the very outset, she concluded that—as she intended to be very thorough—it would be wiser to commence her mathematical course at a less advanced stage, and determined that if any error were to be made in the selection of a proper starting-point, it should be upon the side of prudence; she opened her high-school arithmetic at the article "Addition," and the expiration of the hour found her with a sum upon her slate in columns extending from top to bottom, no one of which columns had she been able to sum up twice to the same answer. But the mathematical hour was over, and as strict attention to the order of her programme was one of her minor resolutions, the slate, with its unfinished sum, was laid by, and "Exercises in Composition" commenced.

This hour flew away delightfully, being occupied by the production of a letter written to an imaginary twin-sister, giving in full the writer's ideas on mental culture.

At the appointed hour, the Latin grammar was brought forward. A very brief essay at renewing her study of the dead languages where she had left off, at quitting school a year before, sufficed to convince her that here, too, she would find it necessary to go back to the beginning; and the hour was passed in a review which brought her to her first conjugation, at which point the book was laid by, to be resumed upon the morrow.

Ethel was a pretty good French scholar, and, with the assistance of her dictionary, the hour passed with Racine proved no less interesting than profitable; sufficiently interesting indeed to make the sound of the dinner-bell an unwelcome interruption.

"Dinner and Social Duties," spite of her intentions to the contrary, encroached fearfully upon the "Solid Reading." For, as she was rising from the table to repair again to the library and her books, papa detained her with a petition for a little music before she left him. It was not until her songs had had their usual effect of lulling him into his post-prandial nap, that Ethel felt at liberty to resume her studies, and then, somehow, the somnolent effects of the music seemed to have been contagious, and the idea of the solid reading was less attractive than it had been an hour since. Resolutely repressing, however, her growing inclination to laziness, she mounted a step-ladder in front of the bookcase that contained the largest volumes, and took a survey of its solid contents. It was some time ere she could settle upon a work that suited her in all respects; but at last, judging from the number and size of the volumes that comprised it, that "Gibbon's Rome" was sufficiently formidable to be strengthening to the mind, she descended from her perch with the first volume in her hand, prepared to "decline and fall off" at her leisure.

As her foot touched the ground, her glance fell upon an Encyclopedia, comprising some twenty-five or thirty large octavo volumes, filling the entire lower shelf. At that, there flashed into her mind the comment she had heard passed upon Miss Fortescue the preceding evening.

"Why should not I become a 'walking cyclopedia,' too?" thought she; "after all, where can I obtain such a vast fund of general information as from these volumes?—and general information is what I just now specially want. I will commence at the beginning, and read these volumes regularly through, taking notes as I go along; I cannot help but learn something in that way."

So Gibbon was replaced, and the first volume of the Encyclopedia removed instead; then, as the first step toward informing herself generally, Ethel nestled down amid the cushions of a lounge that stood in front of the register, in which comfortable position she addressed herself to her task.

Resolute as was our little heroine's mind, results proved that her body was no meet coadjutor. The party of the preceding night, her disturbed slumbers and early rising, added to the unusual amount of brain-labor she had to-day accomplished, had so much affected her, that the warmth from the heater and her comfortable position rendered quite irresistible the drowsiness she had hitherto so resolutely combated. The heavy book, time after time, toppled in her hands, and the blue eyes would droop, spite of the determined will that essayed to keep them open. At length, just as the fair reader had advanced somewhere near the middle of the article "Aaron," the Encyclopedia slipped to the rug, the dark lashes kissed the downy cheek, and Ethel had forgotten alike her sorrow, her ambition, and her resolutions, in a sound and refreshing slumber.

The twilight of the short winter day had fallen over the scene, when Ethel was slightly aroused by the sound of the opening and closing of the library-door. Some one entered the room; some one drew near the couch upon which she was lying; and some one stood very near her, gazing upon her for an indefinite length of time—it might have been moments, it might have been hours; she was too dead with sleep to know—and at length some one drew near and bent over her, and then Ethel felt upon her cheek the soft pressure of a mustached lip.

A gentle smile parted her lips as she felt the caress; it was so like papa or one of the boys



to awaken her thus! Softly and dreamily the loving blue eyes unclosed themselves.

It was neither papa nor one of the boys who stood by her side! With a startled cry, Ethel sprang to her feet, and there before her, with a face no less scarlet than her own, stood Max Fielding!

"I couldn't help it, Ethel—upon my soul, I couldn't!" he stammered; and Ethel, as the remembrance of the revelations which the last night had brought to her flashed upon her mind, tried vainly to speak her indignation, and finding herself unable to utter an intelligible word, at last—poor, loving, wounded, insulted child!—burst into tears.

"Ethel! dearest, loveliest! what have I done? Pardon me; pray, pardon me! Ah, I shall never forgive myself if my impertinence has really distressed you! But how could I tell? I love you so dearly! I had come here to-day on purpose to tell you so—to ask you to be my own darling wife. I hoped, I felt almost certain, that you liked me; yet you turn from me—you will not look at me. Don't cry; pray, don't cry, dearest Ethel! Forgive me, and listen to me, and let me tell you how dearly I love you!"

By the time this incoherent speech had reached its close, Ethel's tears had ceased to flow, checked in bewildered astonishment upon her cheeks.

"I—I thought you wanted to marry Miss Fortescue?" she gasped. "I'm sure she called you her 'dearest Max'!" and a fresh sob pretty nearly escaped her at the odious recollection.

"What?" cried the gentleman, in astonishment no less evident than her own. "You thought I wanted to marry Aunt Sally? What a preposterous idea! Ethel!"—a sudden light breaking upon his mind at sight of her confused and conscious face—"upon my word, I believe you have been jealous! That was the reason you would not look at me last night, and that was the reason my stolen kiss to-day so much offended you! Ah, my darling! my darling! I knew you loved me!" and the next moment Ethel was clasped, unresisting, in her lover's arms; nor did crimson cheek or tender lips this time resent the kisses that were so fervently pressed upon them.

"And Miss Fortescue is your aunt—really your own aunt?—and you do love me better than you do her, though she is so clever, and I am so ignorant? Tell me truly, Max."

"Miss Fortescue really is my aunt—my mother's own sister, who taught me my A B C's, coached me for college, and loves me, I believe, as dearly as did my dead mother herself, in return for which she is looked upon by me as the kindest, dearest, and cleverest Aunt Sally in existence. As for your second question, I love you, my Ethel, a million times better than any one else in the universe!" and as the language, and the actions which endorsed it, were quite as emphatic as language and actions could be, it may be presumed that Ethel was entirely satisfied, and considered the subject definitively settled.

A few hours later, my pretty heroine slipped quietly into the kitchen-range the first page of a diary for the current year. What secret was thus consumed you may perhaps guess—the fire told no tales, nor will I.

"The Programme of Daily Exercises" occupied for some time a conspicuous place in the young lady's portfolio. Softly be it spoken, though—for any practical use to which it was ever applied, it might just as well have followed the mysterious document above referred to into the kitchen-fire.

## THE STOCKTON (PA.) MINE DISASTER.

SCARCELY had the Spanish gunboat question begun to wane in the public interest, than intelligence was telegraphed over the country of a disaster—another coal-mine horror—involving the lives of ten miners. The mine in which the accident occurred is known as Mine No. 1, near Stockton, Pa., and had a working capacity of two thousand tons per day.

Miners generally retire to sleep early, and rise between five and six in winter. The little community of 1,200 workmen and their families were wrapped in sleep on Saturday morning, December 18th, at half-past four o'clock. The attention of a watchman was arrested by the persistent barking of a dog, and finding that there was no prospect of his quieting down, put on his clothes, and went out to the building where the animal was. He then saw the cause of the alarm. A house near by stood leaning forward, and, by the uncertain light, it seemed to be falling. A loud crashing was heard, and the earth beneath him appeared to be moving. Wetterau instantly comprehended the situation, and rushed to his house. He was nearly too late. Happily, however, at this moment, the inhabitants of several other houses were aroused by the shaking of the earth, and the low rumbling noises from the ground, and were rushing about in terror. The houses immediately over slope No. 1 sunk with the earth, and two families, who had not heard the alarm, went with them into the yawning chasm. It was dark now, but much blacker was the space one hundred and twenty feet square or thereabouts which marked the entrance to the depths into which the four houses and ten human creatures had sunk from view.

The Stockton Hotel, close to the crop of the mine, and about thirty yards from the railroad, escaped, as did also several lesser buildings on the edge of the chasm, but that they will stand very long is at least questionable.

A fire broke out amid the debris at the bottom of the hole immediately, and at one time it seemed as if the mine was doomed to destruction. Happily, however, it was only the timber of the houses that had caught fire.

Word was sent to Stockton at once, and the bells of that hilly town began to sound over the Lehigh Valley, arousing the entire commu-

nity with the quick-repeating peals of impending danger. The volunteer fire company of Hazleton, with Colonel Fitzpatrick, chief engineer, and Mr. J. C. Tomlinson, chief engineer of engine No. 1, at once turned out and proceeded to the scene of the disaster with all speed. Two streams of water were poured on the burning mass from that hour (half-past seven) until eight o'clock in the evening, when all danger of a general conflagration was over.

Six hours after the first crash another piece of ground, east of and near the large pit, gave way with a loud report, but happily without carrying with it any of the people who were standing by. The firemen immediately picketed the ground with ropes, and guarded the approaches to the hole as best they could from the encroachments of the crowd.

The cause of the caving-in is accounted for in various ways, the most plausible theory being the cutting away of the coal pillars or supports to the roofing of the mine, at a place where it had been worked within twenty feet of the surface, and the destruction of life was caused by the neglect of the company to survey and map the mine, and notify the drillers above of the impending danger.

The neighborhood of the disaster is fairly panic-stricken, for those best qualified to judge unhesitatingly declare that, sooner or later, the whole town of Hazleton must go down. The acknowledged fact that the entire neighborhood of Stockton, as well as the town itself, is undermined, and in many places very near the surface, and that a greater calamity may occur at any moment, call for a thorough investigation of the locality, and the adoption of such means as may prevent another and more distressing accident. Three bodies were recovered during the day, those of Mrs. Swank, her daughter and infant son, and a large squad of miners were kept busy searching for the remaining seven.

## LOST IN THE STORM.

FOR weeks together the snow lay thick upon the ground, and for weeks together the frost held the ponds and streams in its iron grasp. It was so intensely cold that we were scarcely able to stir from the fire, and the weather had such an effect upon my mother that she was at last unable to leave her bed, and I had to walk through the snow, in some places four feet deep, to fetch Doctor Fisher from a neighboring village.

After a time, my mother became so weak and ill that she scarcely knew what was going on around her, and when she became conscious for a few moments her thoughts were wholly about her poultry, though the poor fowls had long fallen victims to the severe weather.

People talk about the agonies of death; but my mother, who had no dread of a future existence, sank into her last sleep as if it were some pleasant dream. And then I indeed was alone in the world.

"And what are you going to do, Leonard?" said old Susan, the day after the funeral.

"I shall stay here until the spring," I answered, "and then Doctor Fisher advises me to sell the furniture, go to the city, and try to make a name as an artist. But what will you do, Susan?"

"I have a sister who lives in the village; so when you leave Hollow House I shall go to her, and as I have saved a little money, I have no doubt that we'll get on comfortably together."

So when April came, we had a sale at Hollow House, and the old furniture fetched nearly a thousand dollars; but I kept several things, which, to have parted with, would have been like parting with old friends, and the next morning found myself and my worldly goods, including pictures, in a light cart, which was to take us all the way to town.

One May morning, two years after I had left Hollow House, I packed up my painting materials and took the train for Seatown, which I found was only a fishing-village after all. It was dark when I arrived; but even in the darkness I could see many "bits" that would look well in a picture—the fishermen's cottages clustering down on the beach especially having a novel and picturesque effect.

I put up at the "Three Compasses," the only inn in the place which gave hotel accommodation, and, after supper, went down to the beach to watch the rising tide—the sea being an element whose acquaintance I was then making for the first time—and then I saw what I at once determined should be the subject of my first picture.

To the left was a low cliff, standing far out into the sea, and about a mile from the shore lay the hull of a ship, looking weird and fantastic in the darkness.

The next morning, after having found a sheltered spot on the beach, I began to sketch the scene, and had been at work some hours, when a somewhat gruff voice said:

"Why, bless me, if you ain't putting the 'Pride of Essex' into a picture!"

Looking up, I saw an elderly sailor, who was staring at the canvas as though he could scarcely believe his eyes.

"What is that the name of the ship?" I asked. "And to whom does she belong?"

"To me, Jasper Rayner," answered the sailor, proudly; "and I've lived on board ever since old Captain Wilson retired from life's service, and left his ship to me. Wouldn't Jetty like to see that picture?"

"And who's Jetty?"

"My little granddaughter."

"And does she live on board, too?"

"Don't she, that's all! Jetty and I have lived on that ship together ever since her mother died, and though I did bring her up myself, if I'm not proud of that child, why, I don't deserve to be her grandfather. I'll tell you what," he said, as if suddenly struck with a bright idea, "you must come on board, and bring the picture with you."

"Suppose we wait until it is finished? I am going to paint it."

"Ah, that's best. If you don't mind, I'll sit down here and have a smoke while you are drawing."

Jasper Rayner sat down on the beach and began to smoke, and by the time my sketch of the "Pride of Essex" and his pipe were finished, he had told me the story of his life.

Being anxious that I should see his home without any more delay, Jasper Rayner walked back with me to the "Three Compasses," where I left my canvas, and we then returned to the beach, where his boat was moored.

Happily, it was very calm, or, it being my first time on the sea, my voyage might not have been a very pleasant one. Under the circumstances I enjoyed it exceedingly, and began to feel quite nautical. Gradually the old hulk grew larger and larger until we were close alongside; and then, looking up, I saw one of the prettiest visions I had ever seen out of a dream. The sun was shining right down on the deck, and in the midst of the sunlight stood a child, whose curly black hair and large black eyes half rivaled the sun in their brightness. That was Jetty.

After securing the boat, Jasper ascended a rope-ladder, and in anything but a graceful manner I followed him to the deck.

"I've brought a gentleman to see our old ship, Jetty," said Jasper. "Now, suppose you show him over the deck, while I go and put the things straight in the cabin."

And, without saying anything else, Jasper Rayner disappeared below.

I was not at all used to children, and felt somewhat awkward; and there was Jetty staring at me with her great black eyes, half-afraid of a stranger, and yet willing to be friendly if I only began first.

"What a nice place you live in!" I said, unable to think of anything better to say.

"I never recollect being in a house," said Jetty, coming nearer to me; "but grandfather says a ship's much better than a house, so it must be."

"What, don't you go into a house when you're on shore?"

"I've never been ashore since I was a baby, and of course I've forgotten that."

"How strange! And do you never wish to?"

"No. Grandfather says I am best here—and what grandfather says must be right. But I am to show you over the ship, so come along!"

Jetty took hold of my hand, and hurried me along the deck, evidently taking great pride in having to exhibit the wonders of the only place she had ever known. And Jasper had done all he could to make the old hull a pleasant dwelling-place.

Several large boxes, filled with earth, had been placed together at the stern, out of which grew all kinds of flowers and even vegetables. In the centre was a tent made out of old sails; and at the fore-part was an inclosed place for fowls, near which a large chained-up Newfoundland was lying, happily asleep, in the sunshine.

The "Pride of Essex" was evidently a prison; but its prisoner seemed far happier than many who are at liberty to roam wherever they please.

Old Jasper's head appeared above the cabin-stairs, calling us to come below; so, still led by Jetty—who, as soon as she heard I had never been on a ship before, seemed to think me perfectly helpless—I went down and found myself in a small, but exceedingly snug cabin, the ceiling of which was so low that I was unable to stand upright.

"They never thought of such a tall gentleman as you when they built this cabin," said Jasper, laughing as if he had said something funny. "This is our sitting-room. It's small; but, then, you see we don't get tired if we want to go from one end to the other."

And Jasper Rayner looked as if he thought himself a second Joe Miller. Jetty began to mend an old pilot-coat of her grandfather's, and Jasper introduced pipes and rum-and-water—by no means my favorite refreshment, but the laws of hospitality forbade me to refuse.

"And what place is that?" I asked, seeing a half-opened door which led into an inner cabin.

"That's Jetty's room," said Jasper; "and the best of it is, when the door is shut you wouldn't think it was a door. I always go to market on Saturday nights—things get cheaper after dark—and what do you think I do then?"

"I have no idea."

"Well, I lock Jetty up in her cabin, and take the key with me, so that if thieves should come—though there's little fear of that—they couldn't harm Jetty; for no one would think that was anything but the side of the cabin."

We sat there, talking for some time, until at last Jasper was becoming so generous with his rum-and-water that I was compelled to go.

"You'll come again?" said Jasper, as he rowed me back to shore. "I've taken a liking to you, Mr. Grey, and so's the young-un, and so's old Nep, which proves you're all right, sir; for that dog never makes a mistake."

I promised to come, and asked his reasons for keeping Jetty always afloat.

"Cause I don't think shore a fit place for girls," he answered, somewhat abruptly.

"Them whose friends live in houses must make the best of it, and Heaven look after 'em! which is more than their parents can do. If my poor girl had lived 'twixt wind and water she might have been alive now, instead of breaking her heart for a vagabond husband. But here we are. Jetty will be pleased when she sees the old ship in a picture."

And then we parted—Jasper back to his hulk, and I to the "Three Compasses."

I remained at Seatown many weeks, worked very hard, and, before I left, had finished some half a dozen pictures. I had received so much kindness from Jasper Rayner, that, as a sort of return, I offered him the view of the "Pride of Essex," which he received with much pleasure, and hung up in his cabin. In fact, scarcely a day passed without finding me on board the old hulk, and somehow I soon became so friendly with Jetty, that I believe I said more to her in

those few weeks than I shall ever say to any one human creature, no matter how long I may live. Perhaps it was because her existence reminded me of what my own had been—and is now.

Living so much alone, Jetty had formed some very strange ideas about the great world of which she had seen so little; and in the old days at Hollow House I had done just the same—at all events we perfectly understood each other, and, as far as I was concerned, existence did not seem such a dreary thing, after all.

"I'm glad it's not Tuesday," said Jasper, when I told him of my intended departure; "for that's Jetty's birthday. Let me see—yes, she's twelve years old. I shall forget my own age next. Well, on that day all my friends are coming to dine on board, and have a dance afterward. Will you join us, Mr. Grey?"

Of course I would; and when the day came—a fearfully hot one—it found me on board the hulk quite early in the morning, helping Jetty and her grandfather to decorate the deck.

Soon after noon, the appearance of the ship was quite changed. Flags were flying wherever it was possible for flags to fly, and flowers in pots and out of pots were placed everywhere, giving the old hulk the appearance of a floating garden.

Then Jasper rowed ashore to fetch his guests—and so many were they that he had to make the journey four times.

When, after a day of rare jollity, the guests had nearly all gone, and Jetty and I were standing by the bulwarks watching the twinkling lights in the distant village, "I am going away to-morrow, dear," I said. "Perhaps I shall never see you again, but I shall often think of you."

"I'm so sorry you're going," said Jetty; "but you will come here again—"

"Of course you will," said Jasper, coming up to us. "Come down in the winter, Mr. Grey. You have no idea what a snug place our cabin is in the cold weather."

So I promised to come. The boat was waiting alongside. Two or three people, looking like shadows in the darkness, descending, old Jasper followed, and I was the last to leave. Then I kissed Jetty for the last time, and as we rowed away, watched her shadowy form leaning over the vessel's side until it faded away in the darkness.

"You seem fond of Jetty," said Jasper, when we were alone on the shore; "and what's more, the child likes you. I'm getting old, you see, and may be called away at any moment. Now, Jetty will be far removed from want; but if I die before she is old enough to look after herself, will you take care of her, Mr. Grey? I could trust her with you, and that is why I ask such a favor."

I promised to do so, and then we parted.

Toward the end of January I again went down to Seatown. When I reached the old place, I went at once to the Three Compasses. Old Joe Salthy was there, with several others I knew, and we were soon deep in the gossip of the place. Presently Jasper Rayner entered, carrying a large market-basket.

"Well, this is a surprise, Mr. Grey!" he said. "But I'm glad you've come, and so will Jetty be. She hasn't forgotten you."

"How is Jetty?" I asked.

"Well enough when I looked her up two hours ago. But let's make ourselves comfortable. I don't see company every night."

After a time a sailor came into the room. "It's a fearful night," he said. "Heavy rain, and the wind so high that you can scarcely stand."

"I must go back to the ship," said Jasper, rising; "I had no idea it was so late."

"Your boat can never put to sea in this weather," said the sailor. "You must make up your mind for a night on land, Mr. Rayner."

But Jasper was obstinate, and went out into the street to judge for himself. Most of us followed. And it was a night! Rain, wind, and waves seemed to be struggling as to which should assume the most terrible appearance, and perhaps the sea conquered, for such breakers had not been seen at Seatown for many a long day. Many people were on the beach watching the storm; and in the midst stood poor Jasper, half wild at the thought of being so far away from the child he loved so well. All of a sudden he started.

"Why, I can't see the hulk!" he cried.

I lay down on the wet beach, so as to look along the level of the ocean, but I could see no sign of a ship.

"She has drifted away," said Jasper. "I must launch the boat now."

"Impossible!" said Joe Salthy. "She would be swamped directly. The Pride of Essex may have drifted round the rocks; and as soon as it is fit for a boat to go out, I will be the first to venture."

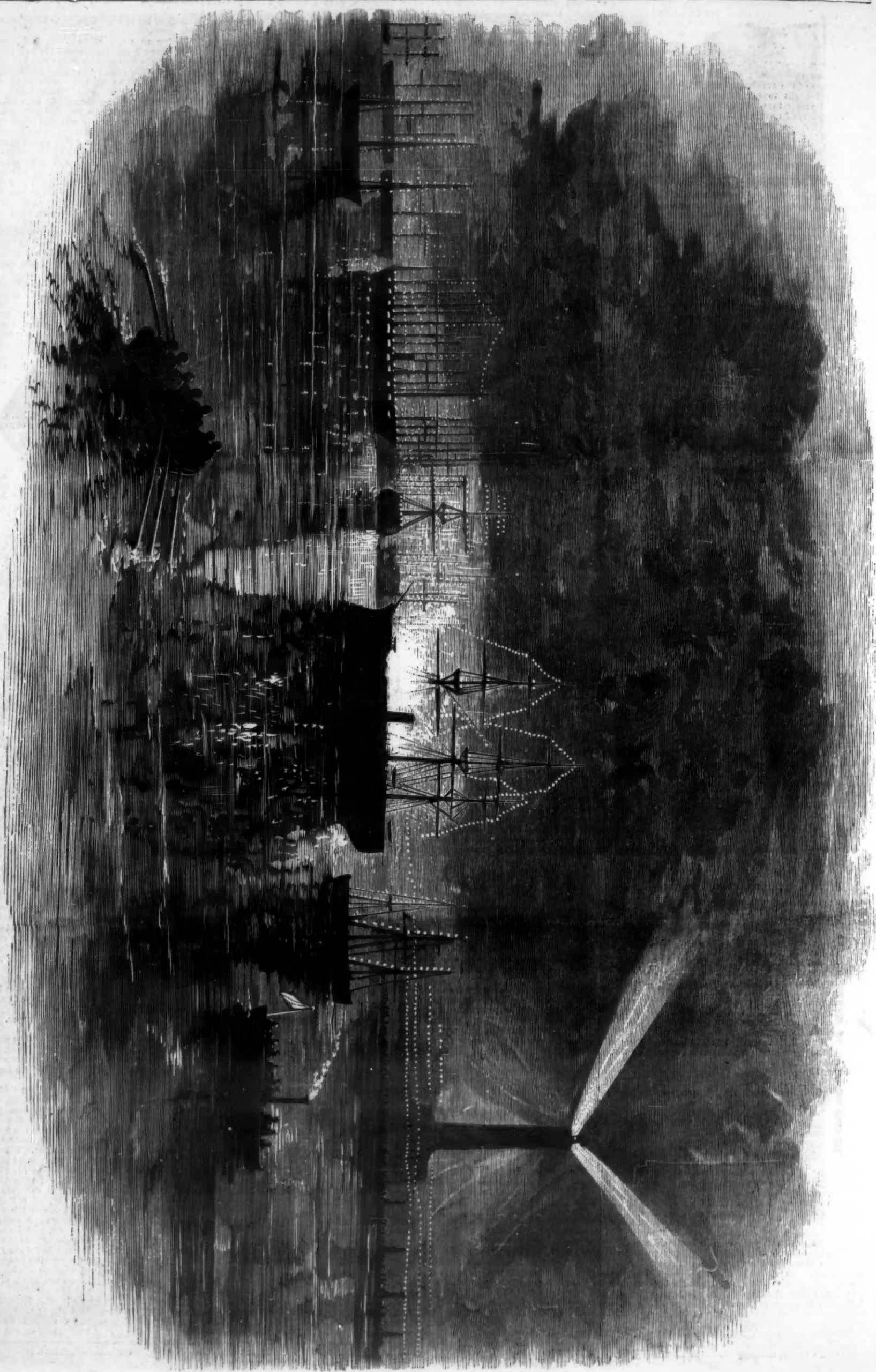
It was soon known all over the town that the Pride of Essex had cast her moorings, and crowds came down to the beach, praying for the storm to abate so that we might go in search of the missing ship. We all feared the worst, and what we feared was so terrible, that no one had courage to speak his thoughts. With the first streak of morning light, the storm became less violent; so we put out the boat, in which were Joe Salthy, Jasper Rayner, myself, and some sailors. At first we rowed to where the hulk had lately been anchored, but seeing no signs of the ship, we went round the cliffs. Still nothing but sea, whichever way we looked. The tide was now ebbing fast, and knowing that there were some sunken rocks to the left, we rowed in that direction. And there I saw something black, gradually growing bigger as the water decreased; and as we approached nearer, we recognized it as the wreck of the Pride of Essex.

I was the first to go on board. Everything on deck had been washed away; nothing remained but the bare planks. Without waiting for the others I went below, and on entering

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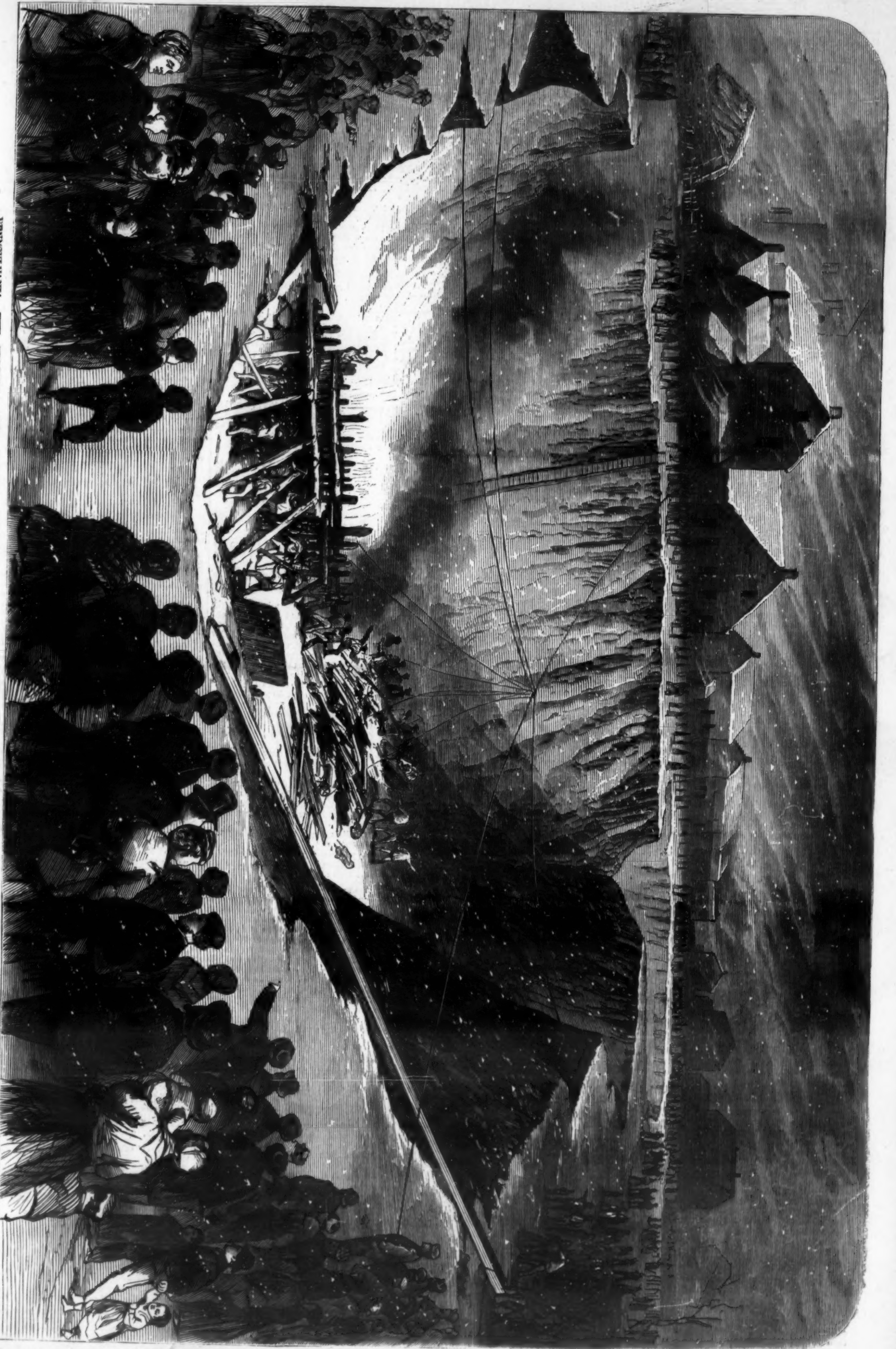


EGYPT.—OPENING OF THE SUEZ CANAL.—ILLUMINATION AT PORT SAID, MEDITERRANEAN TERMINI OF THE CANAL.—SEE PAGE 279.





PENNSYLVANIA.—THE STOCKETON MINE HORROR.—EXCAVATING FOR THE DEAD.—SCENE OF THE DISASTER ON MONDAY, DECEMBER 20, 1869.—SEE PAGE 291.





## LOST IN THE STORM.

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the cabin, found myself above my knees in water. Then I knew that all hope was gone. The partition between the two cabins had been broken away by the sea, and lying on the bed was the lifeless form of poor little Jetty, the cruel waters still washing over the remains of their victim. Then I heard a terrible cry, and turning round, saw Joe Saltby supporting the senseless form of Jasper Rayner.

"We must not leave her here," said Joe Saltby, in a strange voice. "When the tide rises again, the old hulk will be knocked to pieces."

Already it was dangerous to remain on board, so Jasper was quickly carried back to the boat. Then I took poor Jetty's cold form in my arms;—even in death how sweet she looked!—and the boat was soon rowing back to the shore, to tell the people on the beach what the storm had done.

Poor little Jetty was buried in the village churchyard, and nearly every one in the place followed her to the grave.

Perhaps it was better that Jasper Rayner continued in a half-senseless state until long after the funeral; but he was never himself again. He found a home with old Joe Saltby, and I often went down to see them; but I believe that Jasper never thoroughly understood that Jetty was dead, and within three years of that fearful January night, I saw him placed in the same grave with his granddaughter.

## THE WARRIOR'S BRIDE.

THEY told her he was killed in battle,  
He, the bravest, best,  
Her husband; and they softly added,  
"Now he is at rest."  
And the song birds, warbling near them,  
Echoed "Rest!"

And then they gently strove to cheer her,  
But, with hands tight pressed,  
She wearily besought them leave her  
Here awhile to rest.  
And the south wind, speaking softly, whis-  
pered "Rest!"

And then, with dull, despairing anguish,  
Closer to her breast  
She pressed her babe, his child, his darling,  
Saying wildly, "Rest."  
And the perfume of the violets wafted answer,  
"Rest!"

Her heart was breaking fast; and when  
At last they came in quest  
Of her, they found her calmly sleeping,  
Taking perfect rest.  
And the streamlet, rippling onward, sang sweet  
songs of rest!

And so beneath the flowers they laid her,  
And upon her breast  
The cold earth threw; but now can nothing  
Break her heavenly rest.  
And the trees that wave above her sing, "For-  
ever rest."

## A LITTLE ARRANGEMENT.

"It's horrible to be so dependent!"  
"Of course it is, Amelia; but what can we do?"

"What other poor girls do, of course. There are ways enough. Teaching, for instance, or even washing and scrubbing, if it comes to that. As for me, I am resolved not to bear this any longer."

"Oh, you are so strong, Amelia—so self-reliant. I wish I had half your courage. But, sister, after all, I don't see why we ought to feel so. Mamma is so very kind, and I am sure it is not her wish to have us leave her."

"Perhaps not. I dare say she is willing enough to play the lady bountiful to us; but, for my part, I am independent, and cannot brook patronage, even at the hand of my father's wife," and her lip curled a little, but trembled more, for the memory of her father was very dear to Amelia Orville.

Captain Orville had been dead about a year. For his second wife, he had, about six years before his death, married a lady, young, as compared to himself, rich, and highly accomplished. She had devoted herself to her husband and his children with an ardor that should have shamed mischief-makers. She had been, and was still, in fact, a model stepmother, and her stepdaughters, Amelia and Clemence, were sensible of the fact in their secret hearts. Yet both of them had been subjected to the kind interference of a bevy of village meddlers, whose creed has this prime article, that a stepmother can never do right.

The affectionate nature of Clemence was not so much influenced by the suggestions of these people as Amelia's, which was more critical and less susceptible.

Captain Orville had been a military man, and very little economical in the use of his "pay," which was all the fortune he possessed; so that it was no wonder his daughters should feel, after his death, that they had no right to be dependent upon their stepmother. But it was her urgent wish that they should remain with her; and rather than give her pain in the early period of her widowhood, Amelia had consented to postpone her purpose of earning her own bread.

But Clemence still clung to her stepmother, in spite of Amelia's example and the interference of the gossips. She was very loving in her nature, and the uniform kindness and affection of Mrs. Orville had won upon her; and, besides, she was not one of those sticklers for independence who, like Amelia, can never be contented to eat bread that is not positively their own.

"Now, Amelia, my dear," said Mrs. Orville, when the former had divulged her plans, "if you must leave me, you must, I suppose; though I'm sorry to have you. I think your father, also, would have much preferred that you two sisters should remain together, until your marriage, at least."

"I should, certainly, wish to please my dear father," said Amelia, the tears starting to her eyes; "but what certainty is there that either of us shall ever marry? And, in the meantime, since we are poor, I think we ought to be preparing ourselves against any possible contingency. I may live to be an old maid of eighty."

"You know, Amelia, that all that I have is yours," said her stepmother, with a rather hurt tone.

"I know you are very kind, mamma, and I shall always be grateful for your kindness. But you must not urge me. I cannot feel that all you have is mine, even though you so generously offer it. I must earn my own bread."

"Well, your pride must be fed, I suppose, child, as well as your stomach. So, go if you will; but do not forget that I am always your mother, and this is always your home."

So Amelia went away, to be a governess in the city, and Clemence remained at home to comfort her stepmother.

I have said that Mrs. Orville was not old. She was about thirty-five, and looked much younger, even in her unsightly widow's cap. She was a very pretty woman, pretty enough to keep the gossips very anxious about her.

"Of course," they said, "it would not be long before she would marry again. Women as good-looking as she, with plenty of money, always attracted husbands. And what would poor Clemence do, if Mrs. Orville should marry? If she was a girl of any spirit, she never would stay with her stepmother in that case. It was a great pity she had not Amelia's independence; it would make no difference to her whether Mrs. Orville married or not."

It was a regular godsend to these same gossips that, just three months after Amelia had left, a fine, handsome, and very elegant young man came to pay her stepmother a visit—a young man whom nobody had ever seen in the village before. He could not be over twenty-five, was evidently college-bred, and no doubt was going to enter one of the professions.

"Mrs. Orville's money would be a great lift to a young man like that," whispered the busy-bodies.

Hints to this effect reached the ears of Clemence, as it was kindly intended they should. Why should not the poor girl be warned, if this young fortune-hunter was going to come in, and elbow her out of a comfortable home?

At first, Clemence was very indignant at these hints. She knew her stepmother too well to believe that she would allow a young man to enter her house as a guest, with such an object in view. Mr. Lathrop was, as her mamma had represented, the son of an old friend, and had been invited to the house for a little while, that it might seem more cheerful to Clemence.

But one morning, as Clemence was coming down, dressed for a walk, she saw something in the library that startled and shocked her. The door was half open, and there, sitting on a sofa, was her mamma and Mr. Lathrop. He was holding her hand in one of his, and with the other was playing with a little curl of the bright auburn hair that would never stay under her cap. She, Mrs. Orville, was looking rather grave and pale, and Mr. Lathrop was looking tenderly anxious and interested.

"My dear Richard," she heard her mamma say, "I have now opened to you my whole heart."

"And I thank you with all of mine," he answered. "You have made me very grateful and happy. Only—"

Clemence did not hear any more. She walked rapidly away, a variety of emotions swelling her heart. Was it indignation that Mrs. Orville should so soon forget her dear father? Was it shame that her mother should show such indelicate haste to secure another husband? Was it pain on her own account, and did she care anything for Mr. Lathrop?

It was certainly true that Richard had been extremely attentive to Clemence. He had read to her, sung with her, walked with her; and in all that he did had shown himself so tender and interested, that he certainly had touched Clemence's heart. And was he not one of the most superb young men that she had ever seen? And was it any wonder that her susceptible little heart should have responded to his attentions?

But, pah! she was angry with herself! what had it all been but a plan to ingratiate himself with Mrs. Orville? In future she should know how to treat such advances as his.

So, that afternoon, as Richard approached her with a smile of the most winning kind, and begged her to take a drive with him, she very coldly and politely declined the invitation.

"Why won't you go, Clemence?" asked Mrs. Orville. "I am sure it will do you good. You are looking pale, dear; and a drive in Richard's cheerful company will bring back your roses. Go!"

Mrs. Orville little knew the effect of her interference. Indignation, disappointment, rage against herself, made such a tumult in Clemence's breast, that she could only muster voice enough to excuse herself, and retired to her own room.

"Clemence cannot be well!" said Mrs. Orville. "I will go after her, if you will excuse me, Richard."

"Of course," said he, gloomily; "but it is something more than illness that affects her. She has taken such a sudden dislike to me."

"Oh no, Richard. How can that be? Clemence is too much of a lady to show dislike in that way, even if she felt it. And I am sure she does not feel it toward you."

So Mrs. Orville followed Clemence to her room, and, to her surprise, received no answer

to her knock. She tried the door-handle next, and found the door was locked. A little frightened at this, she applied her mouth to the key-hole:

"Clemence!" said she, "are you there, my dear?"

At this, Clemence approached the door and opened it. Her eyes were red with weeping, and she was still choking down sobs.

"Clemence, my pet, what is the matter?" said Mrs. Orville, with the tenderest solicitude. Clemence was touched. She knew that voice was full of love for her, and she yielded to it. She laid her head on Mrs. Orville's shoulder and sobbed her fill.

"Oh, mamma, forgive me! I cannot tell you what is the matter; but I will try to behave better. Only don't tell Mr. Lathrop that you found me behaving so very foolishly."

"Mr. Lathrop is a great friend of yours, Clemence. It is a pity that you repulsed him so—"

"Oh, I'll never do it again, mamma. I was cross and foolish. I—"

"There! never mind, little one. Be quiet, for I have something to tell you. You don't know who Dick Lathrop is, do you, Clemence?"

"I know he is your friend, mamma—that is all."

"He is my nephew."

"Your nephew! mamma?" raising her head with great interest. "Why did you not tell me so before?"

"I had a motive for concealing it. There was a young lady of my acquaintance that I wished to have fall in love with Dick, and I thought if she supposed him an utter stranger, she would be more likely to do so. I believe she does love him a little; but if she does, he ought to know it, for he is terribly in love with her."

Clemence trembled, but said nothing.

"Now, dear, won't you come down, and let Dick give you a drive? He is very anxious."

So Clemence let herself be led down-stairs; and though she was half-ashamed to look Richard or her mamma in the face, she was very happy.

They took the drive together. As they were rolling along over the hard, slaty road, Richard said: "Clemence, why were you angry with me?"

"I will tell you some other time, Richard."

"What other time? When you are my dear little wife? Will you tell me then?"

"Perhaps."

He took the little blushing face between his hands, and kissed it. But his horses were a little frisky, so he grasped the reins again.

"Do you know," he asked, "what my aunt's arrangements are?"

"No, I do not."

"Well, she wanted to divide her property between you and Amelia, and she didn't want to leave me out in the cold, so she contrived this plan to make you and me count one. My aunt's health is very precarious—she has heart disease, in fact, and the doctors have warned her that her life is very uncertain. So she wanted to get her affairs all arranged."

"I did not know that mamma's health was precarious. Is she in danger, do you think?"

"She may live many years yet, to be a comfort to us all. I know you love her, Clemence."

"I do, indeed; she is so good, so kind, and I have treated her so unjustly!" and here Clemence blushed deeply.

Richard's hands forgot their duty again; they dropped the reins to press both of Clemence's little gloved ones.

"When we are married, darling, you may tell me all about it," he said, gazing with tender meaning upon her face. Her blushes deepened under his gaze to the color of the crimson rose.

At Mrs. Orville's request, the wedding was named for an early day.

So Amelia was written to, and duly invited to assume the office of bridesmaid. She declined the invitation in this wise:

"DEAR MAMMA—I am, of course, most happy to congratulate you all, and especially dear Clemence, on her happy fortunes. I must, however, decline the honor of being bridesmaid, for the very obvious reason that, if you do not object, I should like to be married myself on the same day that Clemence will be. The fact is, that Frank Sinclair, the son and heir of the lady who employs me as governess, has asked me to be his wife; and as his mother seconds his wish, I have not declined. Mrs. Sinclair and her son both propose that our marriage shall take place as above suggested, and are anxious, dear mamma, to know whether you concur in their wish. They are also desirous to accompany me on a visit to you, having, they say, from my description of you, assured themselves that your acquaintance will be a great acquisition to them, aside from the fact that the son, with your consent, will soon become one of your family."

"Most affectionately, your daughter,"

"AMELIA."

Mrs. Orville, in warm response to this letter, gladly seconded Amelia's wish, and two weddings, instead of one, came off on the appointed day. And the dear lady lived long enough to see both her stepdaughters, as well as her nephew, happy in the possession of homes and children.

REMARKABLE CASE.—The *Americus* (Ga.) *Courier* relates the following incident: "About ten days ago, a little boy, between five and six years old, son of Dr. J. F. Cato, of Botetford, in this county, was deprived by Providence of speech and hearing. He had retired to bed as usual, in good health; some time in the night he was heard to utter a scream, which attracted the attention of his mother (his father being away from home at the time), who went to see what was the matter. Finding him soundly sleeping, she returned to her room, thinking, no doubt, that he had been dreaming. The next morning the little fellow arose at the usual hour, but, to the astonishment of his mother, he was both deaf and dumb. He still remains in this condition."

## FUN FOR THE FAMILY.

A rising country—Spain.

(K)night of the bath—Saturday night.

Late habits—Night-gowns.

Good side show—A pretty cheek.

Motto for a kiss—Go it, my two lips.

An agricultural angle—A wheat-corner.

Good chemical preparation for over-beaten bullocks—Ox-hide of iron.

A ray that always lights up a woman's despair—Rai-ment.

Why are shepherds and fishermen like beggars?—Because they live by hook or by crook.

A YORKSHIRE stage-coach driver spelled Hoogreen "with a halloo and two hoos, gee, har, two hoos and a hen."

A child in Ohio recently swallowed half-a-dozen percussion caps. We would advise the parents to set that child down softly.

It is a general belief that the tongues of oxen are more valued than those of any other animals; but lawyers' tongues sell highest in the market.

The Japanese clergy pause every fifteen minutes in their discourses, and say to their congregations, "Let us have a smoke."

HISTORICALLY and correctly speaking, the Christian Era, A. D. 66, was not published weekly, nor did it contain any theatrical or sporting intelligence. It has much improved since then.

A PRACTICAL Chicago woman advocates in the "personals" of a local paper that she desires to make the acquaintance of an elderly gentleman, "with a view to a ton of coal."

THE scheme of tunneling under the Atlantic is not new. The idea occurred to a gentleman some time ago, but he never mentioned it, and the secret died with him.

"THIS preaching thirty-five minutes," said a Welsh rector, at dinner, one Sunday, to his curate, "will never do. Here's a fine goose roasted to a rag, and not a drop of gravy in it."

A FASHIONABLE lady's-maid, who endeavors to rival her mistress in the style of her garments, wrote an order to the perfumer the other day, and requested him to forward a case of "O Dick Alone!"

SENTIMENTAL youth—"My dear Maria, will you share my lot for life?"

Practical girl—"How many acres are in your lot, sir?"

A MISSISSIPPI paper, in an obituary notice, speaks of the deceased as being "a most estimable young man and devout Christian until the day of his death." Fity the young man had not died sooner, to save his reputation.

"MOTHER, I'm afraid a fever would go hard with me."

"Why, my son?"

"Cause, you see, mother, I'm so small that there wouldn't be room for it to turn."

"I SAY, MA," says Master Mischievous, "one of the kittens is sitting in the old cat's lap." His mother hastened to witness the strange fact, and found that one of the kittens had tumbled into the saucer of milk.

An elderly farmer, living near Utica, New York, died a few days ago. When he became convinced that death was approaching, he gave the most particular directions as to the disposal of his property, and the arrangements for his funeral, and almost with his last breath enjoined it upon his wife and daughter to have the funeral procession leave the house at an early hour, in order that they might get home in time to milk the cows before dark!

A BAKER in New York stole a tombstone for the hearth of his oven. One of his customers, finding a death's-head on the bottom of his loaf of bread, ran in dismay to his deacon, fearing the end of the world was approaching. The latter was in equal trepidation, when, on examining his own loaf, he found the marrow-bones. In their alarm they had recourse to the parson, who could afford them no consolation, inasmuch as "Resurgam" was legibly set forth in bold relief upon his own loaf.

A HYMN-BOOK lately published by the Spiritualists makes an attempt to combine an index of authors and an index of first lines, occasionally abbreviating the latter to save space, with some very curious results. References are given to:

"Do not wound the heart that loves—DEXTER SMITH."

"Have ye heard the beautiful—AMANDA T. JONES."

"Oh, I love the sparkling—MRS. CORA DANIELS."

"We come, we come from—HUDSON TUTTLE."

At the so-called Spiritual sitting in Hartford recently, there was present a woman who mourned the loss of her consort, and as the manifestations began to appear, the spirit of the departed Benedict entered upon the scene. Of course the widow was now eager to engage in conversation with the absent one, and the following dialogue ensued:

Widow—"Are you in the spirit-world?"

The Lamented—"I am."

Widow—"How long have you been there?"

The Lamented—"Oh, some time."

Widow—"Don't you want to come back and be with your lonely wife?"

The Lamented—"Not if I know myself. It's not enough round here."

A FRENCHMAN was to fight a duel with an American; the conditions were that one shot should be exchanged, and that the precedence should go by lot. The Frenchman got the first chance, but failed to hit his adversary. As the Yankee lifted his weapon, the other cried out:

"Hold! I will buy your shot!"

All were astonished at this, but his opponent answered:

"How much will you give?"

"Five hundred dollars."

"Nonsense!" cried the Yankee, taking aim at him.

"I am a good marksman; you set too low a value upon yourself."

"You estimate me at too high a price," said the Frenchman, "but I will give you one thousand dollars!"

"Agreed!" cried the Yankee, and the duel was at an end.

AN ambitious youth, who has been brought up with a sad misapprehension of facts, thus pours his soul into verse:

If I was a लोक editor,  
Wouldn't I have a time?  
I wouldn't print a single word  
For less'n a \$ a line.I'd get my grub and licker free,  
& tickets to the shows.  
I wouldn't pay for buggy hire,  
& wouldn't I ware good close!

A MAN was once relating a story of being on a locomotive that struck a cow standing on the track and threw her several yards into the field, where she lit squarely upon her feet, with her head toward the train, and strange to say she wasn't hurt.

"But didn't she look scared?" inquired a listener.

"Well, I don't know whether she was scared or not, but she looked a good deal discouraged."



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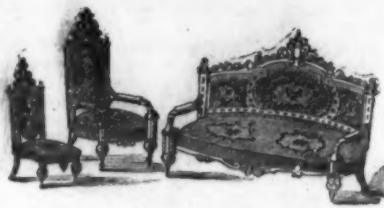
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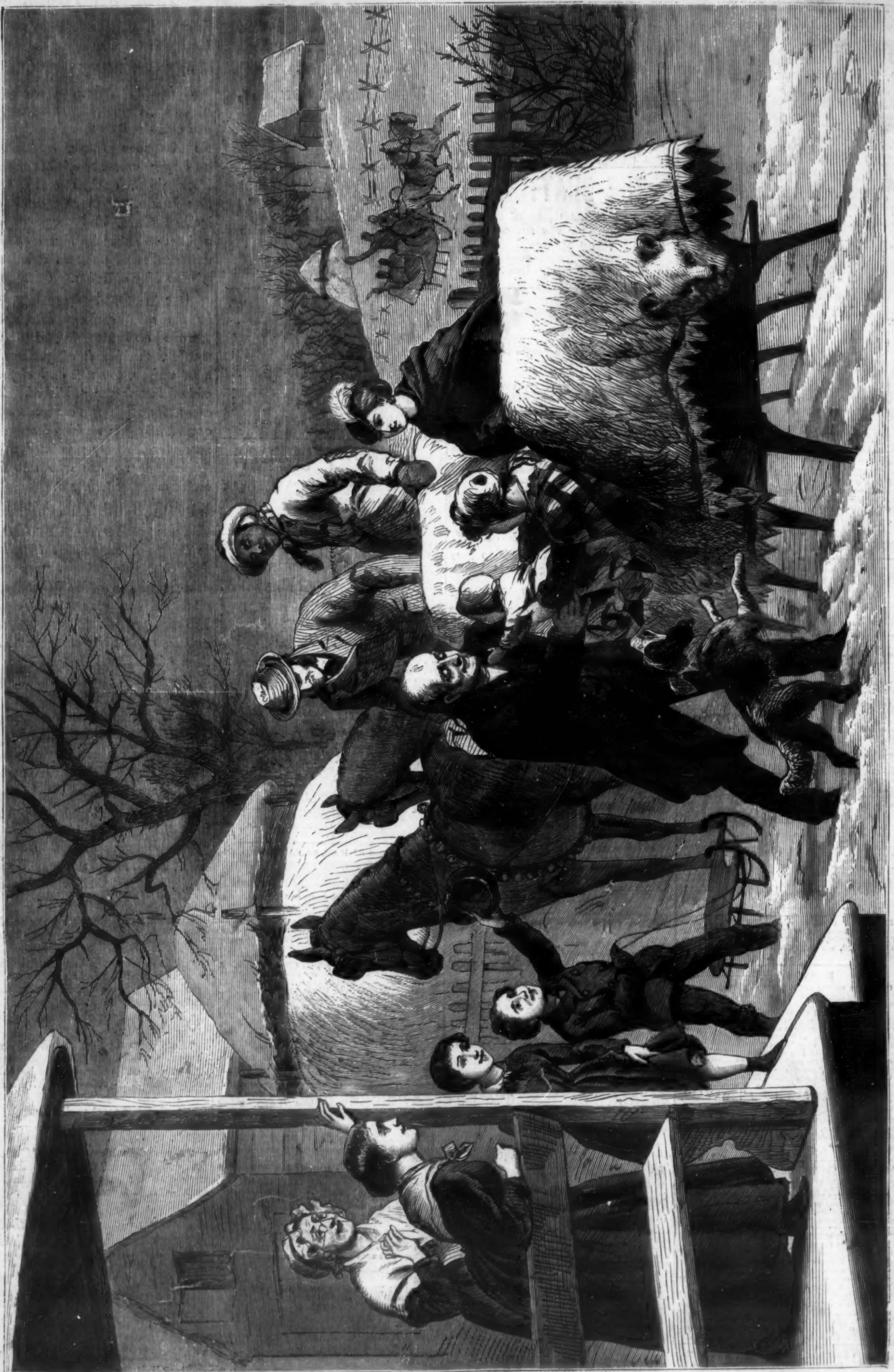
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